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BENEDICTION.

BY MARY FORREST.

Thou, with dim, repealing eyes,
Gazing out on twilight skies,
Where the golden sunlight dies:

Weary-hearted, drooping one
Every footstep gone before,
Wending through the gold of years:

Stay thy weeping! Turn away
From the visions, dim and gray,
Thou must and shall rise, day by day.

Cast thy hands out through the mist,
Till thy finger tips be kissed
By that hope thy spirit missed.

Thou art not alone of groaned youth,
Writ with dews of anguish'd truth,
Bright with tone of living wrath,

Smiling 'mid the mists of eve,
Reaching with thine hairy air,
Beautiful with luminous hair!

By the light of yonder star—
Some fate spirit's breathless ear
Gleaming softly from afar—

Winged prayers—each night sweet
Where the stone seems bred,
Where the shining seraphs bleed.

Meekly in the Presence here!
Trailing wings we lowliest bow
Coming to thy burning brow.

Let thine spirits fold above
All the tumultuous Pain hath wove
In thy olden ways of love.

God hath one, beloved one,
For the brightness He hath won
From the glory of the sun.

Weep not, dream not, but be strong
With the calm addressing throng,
Do the right, and bear the wrong.

MAGGIE BURNS,

THE HEROINE OF THE DELAWARE.

A STORY OF AMERICAN HEARTS OF '76.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VII.

ROBERT SMITH ON CIRCLE AGAIN.

The place where Roderic and his party had stopped was at the south-east corner of the park, and directly at the foot of the slope upon which the hall was situated. The shade trees were thick in that locality, and it was, altogether, a picturesque place. Our hero stood upon the edge of the road, with a spirit in his breast, ready to hail the coming stranger. At length the form stepped into view, and the outlines of a human form were visible close at hand. The man was but one person, and he seemed to be plodding along in a meditative mood; but he jumped quickly enough when Roderic spoke to him.

"Hello! Who goes there?"

"O—o—oh—Don't! Good Lord bless ye! Ah-ah! Ole pie chile don't gone for to be a Rebel!"

"Cato—is that you?"

"O, Golus de Lord oh help'n, it aint anybody but me! I'se agwine for to hurt nobody, saint done no mischief to nobody—I 'clare."

"Hush! Don't make such a noise. It's only I, Cato; and I'm glad I've found you."

"What! Is it Mas'r Roderic?"

"Yes."

"O—oh! Bress your poor brack soul, how you did skeer me. I don't see you on enemy. O-o-oh—dere you is awful times, mas'r. Everybody is a-gittin' killed."

"And who's killed now?"

"O—yo—lots ob folks. Down to Missus Burns's dere's been a hot killin' out in de woods don't been a lot more killed, O, it's awful! I s'pose dere misses' when she par eable 'll git killed!"

Roderic succeeded in so far quieting the negro's fears that he could talk with some degree of understanding, and then he inquired concerning his uncle.

"Mas'r Roderic," said Cato, speaking very carefully, as though he would not have even the tones hear what he said, "you'd go for to venture nigh yer uncle. He'll kill ye if ye do."

"What makes you think so?"

"O—he's dreffle mad. I neber seed him so mad afore. He says dat he'll lets you in his power if he can. Don't ye go a nigh him."

"Very well,—we'll see about that. But I'm thankful to you, Cato, for your information, only I want a little more of it. I want to know who is at the hall besides my uncle."

"They's all dar, sure."

"And who is all?"

"Why—all dem blamed ole Tories. Cap'n Ge'orald is dar, an' Dr whacks bot ob 'em."

"Do you know how many in all?"

"I couldn't tell 'zactly. Mas's Burns some new once some to-day."

"Whereabouts in the hall are they?"

"They's all in the great store-room, back ob de kitchen."

"And now, Cato, where are you bound?"

"I'se gwine down to Missus Burns's."

"For what?"

"'Cos mas's's dar. Mas'r Grieswold wants to know. He's heerd dat ole Heenks an' Scipio an dar, an' if so be, he want passage to—to—"

"Tush, tush, but mind that you say nothing of having met me here."

Cato promised to keep his own counsel, at the same time intimating that his own good might require it. And then he once more urged Roderic not to go near his uncle; but the youth dismissed him with the assurance that he would look out for his own safety.

As soon as the negro was gone Roderic rejoined his companions, and told them that the work was all plain before them.

"I am only fearful," he said, "that the labor of capturing the rascals will not be commensurate with the value of the prize. However, we will not make unnecessary work. I can lead you directly to the spot where they are, and we'll take them by surprise."

Let us, before our friends more any further, look in at the hall. John Gineglie had sent Jake away upon his errand, and he was left alone with Louis Griswold.

"I think," said the host, "that Roderic and the widow must have gone to Newtown."

"Very likely," returned the captain.

"And," pursued Sir John, "the young scamp will, in all probability, unveil the fact that you and your men are quartered here."

"It would be like him. Egad, Sir John, if he were not a relative of yours, I should be tempted to shoot him the next time I saw him."

"My dear Captain, don't let this relationship stand in the way of your duty to your king. From this time I regard that Roderic Gineglie is my nephew. The love I have borne him I bear him no more. He is to me a Rebel, and nothing more."

"Ah," cried the doughty captain, slapping his sword-hilt jauntily; "if I have your forgiveness in advance, I shall most certainly run a hole through him upon the first opportunity. So you may set it down that the young Rebel is a—pardon me. Egad, I only hope that I may meet him."

It may be that John Gineglie believed that Louis Griswold was a brave man; and Louis Griswold may have believed that John Gineglie had loved his nephew! At all events, neither called in question the assertions of the other; and, at a proposition from the host, the captain very soon heartily together. They had drunk several times before, and the captain's tongue was becoming loose.

"Sir John," he said with a nod and a wink, "what the devil do you want of that old witch?"

"Eh?" muttered the baronet, looking up. He had been meditating, and did not seem to understand the question.

"What do you want of old Hecate?"

"What? Who?"

"Then why are you so particular about her?"

"Never mind that, now, Captain. I have my own reasons for wishing to see her."

"She must be worth a flame of yours, Sir John."

"Peace! You are going beyond your province."

"Eh,—excuse me. I meant no harm."

"No harm has been done, sir. Only, in the future, don't pry into my private affairs."

Griswold realized that he had touched his host in a tender spot, and he thought the best way to get out of it would be, to leave; so he said that he would go and look after his company, and then retire.

"Hark!" muttered Sir John. "What is that noise?"

"Eh?—Where?"

"There is disturbance among your men. Some of them may be drunk."

"Egad, he has catch one of them drunk, and I'll distribute him. I can't have this kind of nuisance around me. I'll go directly and see."

Griswold was with all possible haste to the room where his men were quartered. It was at the east end of the building; and before he reached a rear wing of the building; and before he reached it he realized the meaning of the unusual noise that was taking place. He rushed in by the door that opened into the dining-room, intending to find his men engaged in a general row; but, when his eye roved upon the scene, he stopped as though he had been shot. One half of his men were bound, and the other half were being overcome. He saw Roderic Gineglie, with a score, or more, of stout, resolute fellows at his back; and he saw, too, that resistance would be in vain. He saw all this in a very few seconds, and then, ere harm could befall him, he dodged back, and fled through the passage. He did not return to the drawing-room, for Roderic Gineglie might be there. No,—he followed a safer plan. He ran out by a back way, creeping through a window in the carriage-house; and made off into the road.

CAPTURING A PRIZE.

Roderic had led his men directly to the room where the Tories were quartered, and had burst in upon them without warning, or any kind. Part of them were asleep when the Patriots came in, and part of them were playing cards. A few made some resistance; and one or two of them fought stoutly; but they were taken at so great a disadvantage, that even the brave ones were forced to submit without any of the honors of battle. There were thirty of the royalists; all taken prisoners, and no wounds given or received, save a few bruises.

But where was the Tory captain?

"He must still be in the house," said Roderic.

"You won't find him," returned one of the prisoners—one who had fought the hardest in self-defence."

"Why not? Has he gone?"

"Yes," cried the prisoner, in a tone of derision, "he's gone as a coward goes. He came and looked in at the door while you were binding us, and then fled."

I may find him with my uncle. I'll go and see."

"You'll be more likely to find him in the woods."

Roderic did not doubt the truth of the man's exclamation of Griswold's character; but he chose not to argue with him. He gave his lieutenant directions to remain where he was, with the prisoners; remarking, by way of explanation:

"I wish to see my uncle, whether Griswold has taken prisoner with him or not. I shall not be gone long. You will with here until I come back."

Thus speaking our hero withdrew and proceeded directly to the drawing-room where the host generally sat. Sir John was there, apparently waiting for the return of Griswold; for he was pacing musingly up and down the apartment, ever and anon listening, as though to hear if the noise made by the soldiers' quarters had been entirely quelled.

"Well, Captain," he cried, as the door was opened, "what was the—"

The man had been spoken when he discovered his mistake. He started back a pace, and for a moment entertained and ugly intention of reconfronting for the mastery within him.

"Roderic Gineglie," he at length exclaimed, "is this you?"

"It is I, sir, as you see."

There was a sword upon the table, and the host moved quickly up and took it from its resting-place.

"That is right, sir," said Roderic, with a bitter curl of the lip. "It is well that you should be armed; but let me advise you to be careful how you use your weapon."

"Ingrate! Rebel! Traitor!" cried Sir John, with an impotent stamp of the foot, "how dare you come back here? Have you come to acknowledge your error?"

"No,—I have come to Waldvale to repair a wrong; and I have sought you for the purpose of asking a question. And, sir, I promise you, that it is a most quiet and earnest one, "for the time—for a few moments—let us forget that we have ever been anything but friends and kindred."

"I encountered a few of your strange guests; and, faith oh, sir."

"And have you been killing more of them?"

"No. I got by them this time without any such necessity. But I'll explain that at another time. For the present will you listen to me, and be frank. These are troublous, uncertain times; and we know not what a day may bring forth. I may never see you again; and before we part I wish to know something of my present. Until I grew up to man's estate I supposed you were my father; but that illusion has been dispelled, and I now ask you to tell me who and what my parents were."

"What has put this thing into your head?" returned Sir John, eying his nephew sharply.

"It is nothing new," answered Roderic. "I have asked you the same question a hundred times, and you have always put me off."

"And now you want a direct answer, do you?"

"I do."

Sir John took a turn across the room, and then he came back he stopped and looked into his nephew's face. There was wickedness in that look, and the curl of the lip told that there was malignity in it too.

"Boy," he said, "if I have hesitated to tell you concerning your parentage, it has been because I would not drag up from the past memories that would mar my own pride. But now, if you will, the truth shall be spoken. Your father was my brother; and he forsook you almost as soon as you were born. He was poor and broken down; and I remember him more in pity than in anger. He died while you were an infant. Some said that he took his own life; while others said that his death was an accident; but I never sought to unravel the mystery. He is dead, and I am willing that he should rest in peace. Further than this, touching your father, my lips are sealed."

"And my mother?"

"Of your mother," continued Sir John, the wicked look becoming more intense, "I will not speak. If she had never been born it had been better for us all. If your father had never seen her, he might have been a happy, prosperous man. In short, had your father never seen that woman, there might have been no shame upon him; and I should not here had a thing of shame bearing my family name!"

Roderic groaned like youth, struggling with the emotion that almost choked him, "Is she—is she dead?" he gasped, in a voice that was not his own.

"I would that it could be so," said the baronet, with a show of sincerity; "but, alas, no such healing unction can I lay to my soul. If I could feel that it was all a lie which I have spoken, I should be a happier man than I am now. But, Master Roderic, the history of your parentage is written, and not a line can be blotted. If you would ask be driven and with shame, ask me no more."

Roderic moved back against the wall, and pressed his hand upon his brow; but he would not die simply to relieve before his uncle if he could help it; for he saw plainly enough that his words gloated over the pain his revelation had given.

Sir John Gineglie, he said, standing erect, and looking once more through eyes undimmed, "it is true as you have said, then I am the son of not a name for myself. I ask not honor from you; I seek it not from your family record; I will earn it as other brave men have earned it."

"You will earn it in this rebel cause, eh?"

"I will own it in fighting for the liberty of my country."

"And," added the uncle, with coarse sarcasm, "you will own your life upon a gibbet, where all traitors to the king must sooner or later swing."

"Enjoy your own opinion, sir; and wish that opinion I leave you."

"Hold!" cried the host, as his nephew turned towards the door, "you must not leave me quite yet. I think I have a reckoning with you. You have stood against the subjects of your king—"

"Sir John Gineglie," answered Roderic, "I owe no allegiance to the imbecile tyrant; and against all who would crush the liberties of clothes upon Americ my hands are raised openly and boldly as a freeman. Against you, sir, to whom I have always looked with respect, and who have cared for my childhood, I would not strike the battle blow; and so I will strive to keep clear of you. It will be well, however, if you are equally careful to keep clear of me."

John Gineglie fancied that he had the lead in his own hand; so he let both upon his authority.

"Not so fast, young Hotspur. You will not keep clear of me so easily. You escaped me once; but you may not do it again. You shall not leave Waldvale to-night."

"I am going now, sir," returned Roderic, moving towards the door.

"Beware, boy!" If you move you move at your peril! I have a large force at hand, which can be called very quickly. And, remember, you will not escape as you did before. The rascals know that you are their sole accuser of their misdeeds; and they will be likely to meet you with some idea of revenge, if they are set upon you."

"Poor old man, in pity I have spared you. I have the very other Tory in this house is at this moment bound, and under charge of my own brave companions. I told a consultation from George Washington, and this is my first essay in behalf of my suffering country. Beware, sir, let me bid you beware!"

With this Roderic turned from the apartment, and hastened towards the place where he had left his prisoners. He did not stop to hold further talk with his uncle, for he knew that it could only be productive of bitter, and more bitter, feelings. He reached the large storeroom, and his company had marched out, with the captured Tories in charge, when Sir John came striding after him. It was no time for haughty words, and the young Patriot drew his sword, and brought his foot down upon the floor with a vehemence that stopped the host, and made him start.

"Not a word, John Gineglie! I have heard enough. If you cross my path—if you speak but a single syllable of your treason—I'll arrest you, and load you, and carry you to the Assembly a prisoner! If you are wise, you will spare me this!"

John Gineglie had not the hardihood to face the look of his nephew as it was bent upon him; and he slowly turned. Roderic did not wait to tempt him further; but departed from the house, and led his company away.

When out upon the road, and left to his own thoughts, our hero naturally turned to the revelation he had that night heard touching his parents. Half an hour he mumbled that alone, troubled to the very soul with the painful knowledge that had come within him. But what was the use? If it was true as his uncle had said, he could be no help it! And yet, he could not believe it.

"He has lied to me. It is a foul slander upon my mother. O, I know it—I feel it in my soul. John Gineglie speaks falsely—I'll not be lieve it. No, no—I tear out forever the record of his base words, and in the place thereof I take back my mother's memory, pure and spotless. So be it evermore!"

And then Roderic Gineglie rejoined his lieutenant.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WONDERFUL REVELATION!

On his return, Roderic took a more direct route than that by which he had come, reaching Newtown in a much shorter time. In the morning he reported himself at head-quarters, and received the warmest commendations from the commander-in-chief.

"And now," said Washington, "I have further work for you. General Mercer will give you instructions. Go on him at once. I feel the utmost confidence in your patriotism, and your success in the adventure of last night proves to me that you are to be relied upon. I trust that your next report may be as favorable as the one you have now made."

"If I do not succeed," replied Roderic, modestly, "it will not be unfaithfulness, it shall not be from want of the will to do my duty."

"I believe you, my lad; and I would give the instructions myself, were it not that I have other business upon my hands."

With this our hero left the presence of the commander-in-chief, and went directly to the quarters of General Mercer, whom he found just getting up from the breakfast table.

Had Captain Gineglie been to breakfast?

No.

Then he must eat. And, to keep him company, his host set down again and sipped away his coffee. Roderic told his story, and related the circumstances attending the capture of the Tory Tories, to that which he was sent, and while they were ready for business.

"I believe you told your self to come to me?" said Mercer, after they had reached his private room.

"Yes, sir. I received one from Washington's orders for me."

"Except, and so I have—important ones. Since yesterday we, have heard something of Cornwallis's plans to strike a blow which may say, touching the character thereof, that it has not as yet been made out. I have some in our your patriotism, and also in your reliability. Now, Captain Gineglie, I am going to tell you what will acquainted in this section of the country—acquainted with all the roads and by-paths."

"This is so, sir," returned the youth. "And so far the rest of your remarks, alone will tell."

"Good. And now, my brave Captain, here is he—said you, this is in confidence: Washington expects to make a strike; but know with the exact expect, and if he succeeds, the present campaign will be the last of the war effectually turned. But of this you shall know more in the future. In the meantime, it is necessary that we should look to the dangers that beset us from the side of the Delaware. We have received information that a British officer—is it a British officer?—has been sent from England to Cornwallis's staff—a somewhere in this region, enlisting men and gathering information. He is either here in disguise, and has a inferior subordinate not yet pass my lips. That it is—The British officer is supposed to be a Major Walmsley, and he has been seen in conference with Louis Griswold. He has several

agents, and has succeeded in enlisting quite a number of men—perhaps a hundred, and may be more. And we fear this many of these sinews spies. We have reason to believe that they are often in our camp, and that all our movements come under their eyes. And yet they must have a rendezvous somewhere. There must be some place where their colorfuls holds court. If it could be found, the whole gang will be captured. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," replied Mose.

"And are you willing to embark upon the enterprise?"

"Yes, sir. I can ready to go into the work with my whole soul. I will find the British interloper if it be a possible thing."

"It must be done as soon as possible," said Mercer.

"The sooner the better for me," returned Rodcrick.

"The men already under your command you will use as you have need; and when you want more, you have only to call for them."

After a few more words of consultation, our hero took his leave, promising to make report as soon as he had anything of importance to communicate. He knew that he had been selected for this important work on account of his acquaintance with the people and localities of that region of country; but he had not told how much he knew.

Rodcrick proceeded directly to the village, and was soon beneath the roof of the tavern where he had to relate his adventure over again. Moses Allen was loud in his commendation, and but the gratitude of Maggie Burns was deeper and more touching. She pressed her head within her lover's grasp, and blessed him for the joy he had given her.

"O," shudded, with soul-born earnestness, "I wish there was some suggestion I could give to serve my country in this hour of her great need."

"By my life, dear Maggie," exclaimed Rodcrick, warmly, "I should think you had proved yourself a heroine, and done enough service. And, further,—the influence of such souls as yours is a source of vast power in a nation. A few brave words to my men have added one half to their strength of purpose."

"I thank you for your kind assurance, Rodcrick, and I only hope that I may be able to do some more signal service.

"We will both of us do all we can, Maggie," said Moses, with a look that fully corresponded with that other with our young friend.

"Yes," replied the girl, with a look from one to and told her of the mission which Mercer had given him. "Last night," he continued, "after he had explained to her all the instruction he had received, "I was sorry that Schuyler had escaped me; it worried me considerably, but now I feel that it may have been a good act at best. I think I have a clue to the whereabouts of this Major Whittlesey. I am inclined to be one of those who have been visiting at Waldvale, and if such is the case, I may find him without much difficulty. And, furthermore, Louis Grabwell will have to be on the lookout for him, and with me, you see, I may have a double clue."

"Not surprised, Rodcrick, though I may feel inquisitive."

"And yet, dear Maggie, I don't think I could tell you why I am going. I can hardly explain it to myself. But I must see that woman again. Her image has been in my mind continually, and I cannot rid myself of it. In fact, it is more a curiosity on my part. To say the least, I cannot explain it. I must see her. I shall go out to the old fish farmhouse, and return as soon as I can. I will see you when I come back."

Maggie might have asked more questions, but she seemed to be suddenly engaged with thoughts of her own, as their conversation extended but little further.

Rounding the visit to the cot, it was or Rodcrick said. He felt an irresistible impulse to see Hecuba, and yet he could not explain whence it came. There was something in the mysterious shadows upon her face, and in the plaintive tones of her voice, that had excited his sympathy

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

My mother died ere I could know
Breathe her beloved name;
And o'er my childhood's misty path
Dark clouds of sorrow came;
My bark of life was wrecked upon
A wide and stormy main,
Before bright sunbeam's on it shone,
And kept them off again.

I was young my fellow-men,
Without the merits of trade;
But oh, my mind's in her own
Beneath the willow's shade;
Where I have learned the nursery charms,
And all her sister's say,
Yet, oh, the brightest of them all
Passes as jots for me;
For all my mother's gentle form
In memory's waves I view,
And hear her soft, like her,
May be an angel, too.

THE BETTER WAY.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The last fretful child was in bed, and a shadow of quiet rested through the house. With fret that stirred no echoes in silent air, Mrs. Lawrence glided from the chamber, and returned to the breakfast-room, where her husband sat reading. He did not look up from the page on which his eyes were bent, nor seem to observe her entrance.

There was a weight on the heart of Mrs. Lawrence as she drew by her work-table. Wearily she spin-light, and took a small basket in her lap—a weight, and also a sense of relief. Her nerves, restless, noisy, and too often turbulent and unrestrained, bowed were raised from their long outward harass; for this a sentiment of thankfulness to go spoken on her lips. But with the stillness that succeeded came troubled memories, self-reproaches, questions as to the right and wrong of her own life among her children, doubts, fears, anxieties.

Not in such peace, like the passage of a summer day, had closed the twilight hours in Mrs. Lawrence's home on the evening of her last introduction to the reader. They had fallen in the ruin of tempest. Tired, fretful, and disobedient, the children met a like state in their mother; and angry thunder-clouds gathered and hung heavy. So the day had closed in storm; and now, as the breathing hush that followed, Mrs. Lawrence sat down with the pressure of mingling grief on her heart.

"What can I to do with these children?" The words leaped out suddenly, giving Mr. Lawrence a start. He did not, however, let his eyes fall away from the page on which he was reading, nor, beyond a slight change of position, indicate a consciousness that his wife had spoken. When the soft heart breaks silence, it does not usually need a single utterance. Mrs. Lawrence went on after a brief pause:

"I am out of all heart in this business. I don't know what I am coming to in this household. Not a sentence that they all grow silent, and looked at me with frightened faces.

"What is it, Johnny?" There was no threat of punishment, no sharp, fault-finding tone in the question, but a tender concern, that was almost sad.

"There is it," said the boy, drawing his hand from behind him, and reaching a doll's head to Lydia. "I only broke it a little—only a little. It was only in fun."

"Is this the doll that the right kind of fun, Johnny?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, in a calm, severe tone, that made the child tremble and shrink. "I want you to dress quickly this morning; you know I always have to punish you when—"

"There was something so unusual in the way that Johnny moved to the work of dressing themselves with an unusual good temper that surprised Mrs. Lawrence. In facing one of his shoes, Johnny found a piece of wood that had evidently been torn from his lips. On the very last occasion of a similar accident, the eyes of Johnny had been closed by Mrs. Lawrence in the sentence, angrily spoken, "There it is again, you naughty boy! I shall have to punish you extra strings on purpose!" Of course, such a speech did not in the least prevent a repetition of the fault; for the impatient word, his eyes went up to the face of his mother, half fearfully, half defiantly, before breaking cord; but she was in the better way, and could not be disturbed from it. It was worth an effort to keep her feet therein. So, without a look, she went on, unnoticed by him, kindly.

"Is it broken so badly that we must throw it away?" And stooping to examine the cord, she saw that her eyes were dim with tears. "O, no. A knot here will make it all right, Johnny, I'll do it for you."

"O, no, mother, I can do it myself," replied Johnny, in a bright, brave voice, that was a song of that day's experience written in strong purpose.

"Don't pull quite so hard, dear," said Mrs. Lawrence, as she saw Johnny begin the work of repair to his beautiful toy. "You will break it more than it is now."

"No, ma'am, I'll take care."

Lydia, a little child, thoughtful dealing with this inquisitive, self-willed child had wrought a change in his nature, and Mrs. Lawrence saw the effect, saw the cause also—and she felt both with a sensitiveness that made the heart-pain of this almost magical change! It was self-reproach, and a sense of power that revealed to her the truth. Getting power over herself was the first and most difficult step. This accomplished, all beyond was comparatively easy.

At the breakfast-table, Mrs. Lawrence noticed that the children appeared to regard her with a half curious interest. Johnny took up the conversation at once, and quickly dashing way peculiar to that young gentleman; and Lydia, freed from his annoyances, forgot herself so far as to give silently attention to a little brother who occupied a high seat by her side.

But an incident occurred that came near destroying the harmonious balance of things that far maintained—a common incident, and one with which few mothers exercise patience. A cup of milk and water was overturned, and the contents left upon the table cloth. It was Johnny's work, and carelessly done.

"You!" Only that one word escaped the lips of Mrs. Lawrence; but the flash in her eyes, and the color on her face, betrayed the irritation that was near overmastering her. Instead of that was near overmastering her. Instead of that mastering reproof, however, there came a kind consciousness, and she startled and looked grieved and grateful at the same moment.

"I didn't mean to do it, mother. It was an accident," he said, with a troubled air, fanned of his defeat or indifferent one moment in the occasion. "And I'm sorry."

Mrs. Lawrence drooped her eyes away from her husband's face, and sat silent for some time.

"Where is Johnny?" asked Mrs. Ruth, by-and-by, seeing that his wife did not reply, and wishing to turn her thoughts outside of the time-period, "it is impossible rightly to govern others. We must be calm ourselves, if we are to produce calmness in order minds; patient, if we would produce patience; just and discriminating, if we would produce like conditions. It is the disturbers we ourselves feel that so often create disturbance in those we seek to influence. Now, let your thoughts go down into your own heart-experience, Ruth, and see how it has been with you in this and other days of more than ordinary trial with our relations, impulsive, hard to govern children. From some cause, your nerves were unstrung and you were not able to possess your soul in patience. In almost every case, but here and beside-stood. It was plain, from his language, that he thought her punishment in the household was needlessly defective—as least it seemed to her—and the impression that this judgment was incorrect went profoundly into her own consciousness. And, in truth, her judgment in the little family were not in all things wisely ordered. But this the husband could not say, even by the suggested—self-government. But she could not receive this suggestion from him, nor could he from him.

No wife few moments did Mrs. Lawrence sit sobbing; then she arose, and passing from the room, went up-stairs to her own. Her thoughts were asleep, and throwing herself, in half abandonment of feeling, across the bed, she wept. Her heart was indeed an hour of bitterness! But the lesson had gone home.

Mr. Lawrence was in his office left the room, and then turned to his book, but he knew a little of its contents, for his mind was not there.

On the next morning, with a prayer on her lips for strength and patience, Mrs. Lawrence left the pillow where sleep had been sweet for a few hours, and went to the night. Already the voices of her waking children admonished her that the morning was nearly spent. Another hour hour had she reviewed the past, admitting its errors, and the present, with its duties, and the day's quiet throb. She understood her self-weakness, but wilfully annoyed his sin. Usually, on such occasions, which were not of very frequent occurrence, the mother would come down like a cyclone upon the children, and do her work of reform in a way that was not to be done.

But, conscious of her own disorder, and of the necessity of a change in her feelings, ill-suffocated was gone, she stood half for a while, to collect herself, and then went, with slow steps and a repressed spirit, to the room occupied by Johnny and Lydia.

"What is the trouble here?" she asked, but in a tone that was strangely subdued, and with a sentence that they all grew silent, and looked at her with surprise.

"What is it, Johnny?" There was no threat of punishment, no sharp, fault-finding tone in the question, but a tender concern, that was almost sad.

"There is it," said the boy, drawing his hand from behind him, and reaching a doll's head to Lydia. "I only broke it a little—only a little. It was only in fun."

"Is this the doll that the right kind of fun, Johnny?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, in a calm, severe tone, that made the child tremble and shrink. "I want you to dress quickly this morning; you know I always have to punish you when—"

"There was something so unusual in the way that Johnny moved to the work of dressing themselves with an unusual good temper that surprised Mrs. Lawrence. In facing one of his shoes, Johnny found a piece of wood that had evidently been torn from his lips. On the very last occasion of a similar accident, the eyes of Johnny had been closed by Mrs. Lawrence in the sentence, angrily spoken, "There it is again, you naughty boy! I shall have to punish you extra strings on purpose!" Of course, such a speech did not in the least prevent a repetition of the fault; for the impatient word, his eyes went up to the face of his mother, half fearfully, half defiantly before breaking cord; but she was in the better way, and could not be disturbed from it. It was worth an effort to keep her feet therein. So, without a look, she went on, unnoticed by him, kindly.

"Is it broken so badly that we must throw it away?" And stooping to examine the cord, she saw that her eyes were dim with tears. "O, no. A knot here will make it all right, Johnny, I'll do it for you."

"O, no, mother, I can do it myself," replied Johnny, in a bright, brave voice, that was a song of that day's experience written in strong purpose.

"Don't pull quite so hard, dear," said Mrs. Lawrence, as she saw Johnny begin the work of repair to his beautiful toy. "You will break it more than it is now."

"No, ma'am, I'll take care."

Lydia, a little child, thoughtful dealing with this inquisitive, self-willed child had wrought a change in his nature, and Mrs. Lawrence saw the effect, saw the cause also—and she felt both with a sensitiveness that made the heart-pain of this almost magical change! It was self-reproach, and a sense of power that revealed to her the truth. Getting power over herself was the first and most difficult step. This accomplished, all beyond was comparatively easy.

At the breakfast-table, Mrs. Lawrence noticed that the children appeared to regard her with a half curious interest. Johnny took up the conversation at once, and quickly dashing way peculiar to that young gentleman; and Lydia, freed from his annoyances, forgot herself so far as to give silently attention to a little brother who occupied a high seat by her side.

But an incident occurred that came near destroying the harmonious balance of things that far maintained—a common incident, and one with which few mothers exercise patience. A cup of milk and water was overturned, and the contents left upon the table cloth. It was Johnny's work, and carelessly done.

"You!" Only that one word escaped the lips of Mrs. Lawrence; but the flash in her eyes, and

JOHN ETHERIDGE, THE MISER.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The shuttered old brown house stood all alone upon the wide common—a slightly elevated, rolling piece of ground. No trees grew upon it. It was full of deserted stone-piles or quarries. Huge boulders were scattered over the surface, and thick grass cropped out at irregular intervals. It was as barren and desolate a scene as could well be conceived; but in the midst Etheridge had lived alone for more than thirty years, surrounded by a broad wall and sloping upon the contributions of charity.

It was a singular history. John Etheridge, a gay young bachelor, dwelt in the grand old mansion (now deserted) on the other side of the town, master of the old place and its wide domains, and possessed gathered smiling harvests from its broad fields; his fishermen the finny produce of the river; while the wide common yielded from its sterile bosom huge blocks of granite, that myriads of men and oxen delved to excavate from out its rude. Then the old brown house was the home of the overseer of the quarries. No descendant of the Etheridges had ever dwelt in so poor a place.

Why, and cause! Scarce five years of profusion, of reckless extravagance, suffered to bring embarrassment. The young man refused to encumber the broods of his coming rule, much less to accept the means his faithful steward recommended. His house was full of guests. His friends gathered from far and near to be entertained by their presence. Already the preparations for a splendid wedding were going on on a large scale. Already the refitting of the old house had been ordered as soon as the summer heats of clear it of its occupants. Already carriage-makers were at work on the splendid equipage he had bespoken. Already the bridal trousseau was in the store of fashionables, and Etheridge engaged the privilege of visiting the celebrated modiste who led it in fame, while anonymous presents of mysterious little paragraphs concerning it. That was a strange time, indeed, as John Etheridge was the sole heir to his uncle, to entreach. The good man was surely mistaken. There were the liberties of the country to save.

But the fisheries had been almost totally destroyed by the encroachments of the sea, and below, and the quarries were almost exhausted over the overseer's showing, the profits scarcely covered the expenses this year.

The young man's countenance turned away. His brow clouded for a moment, then he laughed, and, turning, left the room, and mounted his horse to the stables.

The statements later he was speeding toward the county town. There he visited the principal jeweler, and received from him the price of a splendid diamond brooch which had been ordered for a present to Lydia. Going in return a check for an almost fabulous amount. That night he remained with his friends at the inn, and the next day returned to his home. Then, with a calm effect at the grand ball which filled the old manor-house with gay revelers, he presented the brooch, and paid the price of the brooch and the cost of the ball might have saved the fortunes of John Etheridge. But he was trampled on his fate and it overwhelmed him.

Not very late before Johnny married an Christmas, John Etheridge and Blanche Bernard, but ere each day came the stroke had fallen. Johnny's fortune rose over the gray silences of that winter morning, John Etheridge, homeless and penniless forsaken, sat alone in the poor room of the village tavern, which had been the temporary lodging officers of the law took possession of his house and furniture. John Etheridge had been arrested for from him. Not one of all the crowd who had enjoyed his splendid hospitality was found to stand manfully by his side in the hour of trial and misfortune. John Etheridge had been ruined, and gent in his prosperity, been had attracted only sycophants, not real friends. So he bowed his head between his hands on this winter morning that was to be his last in his native village, and groaned in the bitterness of his soul.

But where was the beautiful woman who had been chosen to be his wife? Johnny had placed herself by his side, and taken the wife's place in the hour of his suffering?

Ah, no! Blanche was weakly. Her kindred had been friends of her lover, but never gave him a true. The gorgeous and flattered the rich man, they shrank from the ruined and hapless. Three of them appeared in his very presence, in the air he breathed. Not one came to Europe, except to receive from their daughter, and all the splendid gifts which had been showered upon her by her wealthy bridegroom.

Blanche, poor, homeless, the spendthrift heir sat in his tavern room that morning, while the Christmas bells rang out their merry peals, and Christmas bells rang out their merry peals, and with a heart full of bitter thoughts, that could not, dared not pierce the future.

Not a single ray had yet been seen in his native place for many months. And when he, at last, summoned it, it was to take up his abode in the old house upon the common, and to enter upon the life of a miser. Not a single friend came to him, not a change, he lived for many years.

But the old house was repaired, and had been saved from his fortune. How this had been discovered was never known. Some thought that it was supposed that its accumulations could not be touched to reach a large amount in the course of the years in which he had subsisted on charity.

But, whatever the cause, John Etheridge remained in the village one summer day. One was that the old man had not been seen for months. In the village streets—the other that a handsome carriage, containing a lady and child, had driven through them, and had stopped at the old brown house on the common. Who lay dying on the pallet of rags that had long served him for a bed. They returned to gladden the village hotel, and registered their names as Mr. and Mrs. Etheridge, from Boston.

There were none to recognize, in the slim handsome man, in widow's weeds, the once lonely Blanche Bernard, and her daughter was a stranger to all the village.

Blanche was not less worldly than of old. She had enjoyed the old man's accumulations, and it conveyed an intimation that it would be for her benefit to do so. She was not proud of her very poor. And she had brought her child as a future blessing, and had turned unconsciously away at the sight of the tears that rolled down the girl's cheeks in the lonely room, and its expression of suffering and approaching death. She had no pity for the man she had helped to ruin, and she had no right to bestow upon her, she could condescend to stand in his presence—that was all.

But for pitying, gentle Lucy, the old man would have died alone. But ere the change came her eyes had descended him with a compassion that was unknown to him. His couch was soft, and some of the old luxuries of that long buried life were brought around him. He died in her arms, nursing her Blanche with his dying breath, and tenderly confounding her with the woman he had loved through life, despite the wrongs she had inflicted upon him. And when he was gone they found that the gigantic accumulations of those years of sordid living had all been bequeathed to Lucy. So it came to pass that Blanche Bernard became mistress of Etheridge Manor House, for during the minority of her daughter she reigned there supreme.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. G. FOSTER.

The best and bravest of the men of genius are in advance and out of date in the age of every age. Behind them are the respectable men, very possible future to them. Between them comes a period of time when the world will have come up shower with them.

At midnight the blue sky bends over us, down and dark, and studded with innumerable stars. She the inverted bell of some great blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust and trembling fragrance.

The great master of crew a single instrument speak to their whole orchestra. He can use it in the slowest of delight, and is the only player that rules over willing subjects.

Half of time is dog; and half it night; but when the two are combined something is made up of dreams —and the dreams of the day outnumber those of the night.

Children make men better citizens. When they are not in the world in the streets, we see. It seems you feel that you are a stock-holder in the public morality.

Go to your friend's house for a favor, and there will open the door, but disappointment will probably shut it.

Men of some vocations are usually underdeveloped. The most stupefying fellows in the community are the schoolmasters.

Man, the noblest of all animals, is born lowest. He can stand on his own two feet sooner than any bird can step a man in an eagle.

Lawyers are a laughing race. Until you do not look up to him, and he will not feel that he can look down upon you.

Heaven puts the crowns of hope in one man and the people never see them. So justice, how of despondent.

What would the nightingale care if the toad despised his singing? He would sing on, leaving the toad to croak in the darkness.

There is no day born but comes like a stroke of music; the song is the song, and the life of the way through.

Great men are drones in the money-cells of to-day, who fill the honey-cells of to-morrow and a thousand years hence.

Little more need be said of the practice of the people never see them. So justice, how of despondent, are needless.

Every man has under a rich harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the winnowing machine.

Who knows the interest at stake? Never turn a bleeding wound to see whether it has a dark side to it.

A promising young man may do very well without having one soon latter.

Beware how you have dealings with a man who has nothing to lose and everything to gain.

Most books in these days are like some kinds of trees—good many leaves and no fruit.

Of two people never see them. So justice, how of jealousy is not a popular passion.

Be sure you are right and then, when a man dies, his better half is entitled to only a third.

It is hard to distinguish between a man's best friend and his worst enemy.

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Many a man is bloodshotted because he was not born with a silver spoon upon his mouth.

"Doctor, if you cut off my leg awkwardly, I shall be angry." "Then I'll be awkward."

Cheerfulness is the ever-singing cricket of the household.

A man, by making a bad husband, oftentimes makes a good wife.

The deepest sorrow is noiseless. There is no grief like the grief which does not speak.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A short time since a man named Kolman, of such a boundless liberality that a hole of mutual love from the former, as it upon the ground to end, and the latter, as he received was about to take it, the lasting iron immediately flashed upward into his face, scalding him severely, and causing the loss of both his eyes.

A man named Wilson, who lived in Hempstead, L. I., having recently discharged a number of laborers, they, in revenge, set fire to his barn one night, and one of them, living him on the head with a stone, he died from the injury. Three of the incendiaries were arrested, but the one who gave the fatal blow escaped.

A couple of boys residing in Degraw street, Brooklyn, while playing in a lot, recently found a hole dug in the water by the digging of the boat, and they proceeded to explore it. Their curiosity was rewarded by their excitement, and content them from drawing further.

A burglar, "caught in the act," in a house in Fulton street, Brooklyn, on the night of the 4th inst., discovered to excuse his criminal conduct by pleading that he was interested in the fire, and had gone to see the fire, and he was locked up.

A fire broke out early in a steam-mill, at Vicksburgh, Miss., entered one of the boilers to clean it, and the explosion of the steam killed him. The fire was put out by the other boiler, and thereby locked the unfortunate man in the boiler.

A man named Morgan Lewis, aged about 50 years, was run down in the Bowery, one evening recently, when one of the horses kicked him in the head, killing him on the spot, and cut Morgan so severely in the cock as to cause his death.

During the late passage of the steamship Arctic from Europe, a child was accidentally pushed in the rigging, and the mizzen gaff falling upon him, broke his back. He was taken up and carried to his mother, to which he died after the steamer reached this port.

A second fire occurred on the 22nd inst., in Adelphi street, Brooklyn, were playing together, one of the children set fire to the house and consumed it, and the inmates as to occasion his death.

A fire occurred on the 22nd inst., in Cleveland, Ohio, while intoxicated recently, set out his wife's tongue, then cooked her just, and otherwise mutilated her to such an extent that her life was despaired of.

A man named Hollenbeck killed his father in a saw-mill at Enfield, Mass., a short time since, 23, and was arrested. He was found guilty of the murder, and sentenced from his body.

A young lady in Fifty-third street recently got into a quarrel with his wife, and threw her over the railing of the bridge, a distance of about 30 feet, receiving fatal dangerous injuries.

A fire in Avenue car was recently run into by a steam fire engine, which smashed the rear of the car to such an extent that it was rendered useless.

A young man was recently killed in the New York and Erie Railroad depot, in Jersey City, by being run over by a locomotive as he was attempting to cross the track.

It is stated that several mad dogs have recently been killed in Hoboken and vicinity, by which several persons had been bitten.

A boy recently occurred at St. Johns, Newfoundland, while playing with the wood fired upon the sod, killing two persons and wounding four others.

Two men who were excavating a sewer in Jay street, Brooklyn, were killed a short time since by the falling in of the earth, which completely buried them.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1861.

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PERSONAL.

The New York correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* writes as follows:

There is a great deal of anxiety existing here between Commissioners. Yesterday, the appointment of Mr. Simeon Draper, Collector, was announced. Mr. Draper is a Democrat, and Lincoln says, as to who shall rule the Custom-house of New York, he will not appoint a Republican. The Democrats are in the majority in the Senate, and the appointments of Mr. Lincoln have never been regarded in circulation by any of the Democrats. Mr. Draper is a man of wealth, and will not be likely to use corruption to keep his place. He is a man who regard to make something out of them. These clerks, both Republicans and Democrats, have been in office for many months, and some have been appointed by Mr. Buchanan, and Vanderbilt to touch their homes; but Bonner, although he has been in office but a few months, has made a clean sweep. He is opposed to rotation, and he says he would never allow his friends to remain in office when they were found to be incompetent. Mr. Bonner is a man of great wealth, and he has the means to go to some charitable purpose with it.

All we have to say concerning the above is, that it is false. Let the temptation come in whatever form it may, we know beginning to us will ever be allowed to rest in the race of any kind, for charitable or any other purposes; consequently there is no danger of our being "corrupted" by anybody in that respect; and we think that the Democrats generally will be pleased to learn that Mr. Bonner, Democrat, is a sufficient guarantee that no one will be able to "use" him for any purpose whatever. We have, in fact, a good party of our friends to keep them for our own private driving; and if they undertook to run, we will agree—and they will agree with us—in the most valuable pair in the country—to make a present of them to the first man who takes them. We hope by this statement will satisfy all parties interested in the matter, and induce a few hard-hitters to mind their own business.

THE TRUTH PURE AND SIMPLE.

An audacious of some celebrity, who has favored the world with her "Thoughts about Women," now continues as a lamentable circumstance, that "whether from a supercilious contemptuousness facetiously, carelessness of phrase, or the readiness of a pen to misrepresent, and purposeful facts not as they are, but at they appear to the impressions, very few women can, even tolerably and invariably veracious." This mildly expressed opinion of a lady concerning one of the alleged weaknesses of her sex, may or may not be too broad and sweeping, but even if not strictly correct, it places the file of women in advantageous contrast with the more direct and deliberate disingenuousness to which a large majority of mankind in many or less subjected. Thousands of business men garble facts and make false statements every day, considering such deviations from truth not only quite venial, but a necessary part of their daily transactions and their families. Surely such mercenary mendacity is much less excusable than the unpremeditated exaggerations of a gossiping woman. Men frequently lie thoughtfully, systematically, as principle; we may see the same, but we seldom, in most cases, involuntarily. They cherish a strange love of truth in their hearts, and men do, yet they have a way of tinting, twisting, and embroidering the same to their tastes, partialities, and temperaments dictate, which sometimes leads to very mischievous consequences.

This habit of *misleading facts* is the most dangerous characteristic of "gossip." If people would not prolong but the simple unvarnished truth about the foibles or vices of their friends and acquaintances, or be content to dwell on such matters, which in the wiser and better course, how many bitter quarrels would be avoided, how many hearts that are now sore with undeserved sorrow, would be made glad again. But three-fourths of what we call highly respectable people do not, as a rule, speak the truth pure and simple. Their statements are colored by what they suppose or believe—by their prejudices, their expectations, their interests.

False impressions may be conveyed by omission as well as magnificence. Virtuous people who tell the truth without telling the whole truth, are just as likely to set others astray by errors as your magnificent gossips who expand and "lecture" a simple and harmless story.

For example, Mrs. Curt, in a confidential morning gossip with her friend, Mrs. Blank, informs her that their mutual friend, Dr. Wirt, has adopted as his not his own children play with the little Blurts. The doctor's remark was not merely harmless but commendable, inasmuch as the junior members of the house of Burt were going through a course of whooping cough, but Mrs. Curt unless no meeting of the motive of the medical doctor in voluntarily adopting Mrs. B., having heard that her children were consistently kept the youngsters, chooses to put an offensive moral construction on the doctor's observation. The result is a "difficulty" between the Blurts and the Wirts, in which the Curts, and perhaps a dozen other families with whom the parties are intimate, are involved. A criminalative and recriminative war of tongues and pens ensues. Then come explanations, apologies, regrets, &c., and the belligerents, satisfied but not satisfied, shake hands and announce the "ridiculous affair" at end, each to divulge the secret relating, however, only to her original opinion on the points as here. Truth, with a reservation, may in the main, be a many other ways, do an infinite amount of harm. One of such little episodes in a social history gives family feuds, unworthy suspicions, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness.

Without subscribing to the better maxim, "Believe half what you see, and nothing that you hear," we hold it to be only common prudence to look at all sides of a question before expressing a definitive opinion upon it, and to test thoroughly the truth of all gossip before believing or repeating it. The better plan, however, is to let it go in at one ear, and out at the other, and never repeat it at all.

It is our duty to be "quick to hear, slow to speak," slowest of all to speak evil or to encourage others to speak it, by giving them our attention. Against what the good men say of one another we need not be on our guard, for they rarely exaggerate the merits of their neighbors.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

European writers are fond of saying that the Almighty dollar is the god of Brother Jonathan; but, really, Americans are less under the sway of the aforesaid dollar than the English are under that of the omniscient guinea.

In proof of this we quote from a letter from a short correspondence between the prime minister and the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, which we find in the London *Times*, and which will illustrate the fact we have stated. This bishop was brother to the Earl of Cornwallis, who surrendered at Yorktown. Both the bishop and the earl had been promoted by advancement—the bishop to a more lucrative see, and the earl to some new distinction, civil or military. A fat bishopric, at length, fell vacant, to which the Bishop of Lichfield was not promoted. Stunting under his disappointment, the bishop wrote to the prime minister an angry note:

WINDSOR CASTLE, June 11, 1781.

SIR—After the various instances of neglect and contempt which I and Coventry and Lichfield have received early in violation of repeated assurances, but of the strongest nature, it is impossible that I should not feel this disappointment very deeply.

I am, therefore, under the necessity of informing you that I cannot consistently with my duty, or with my feelings, continue to hold the office of dean of the Chapel Royal, and I must request you will be pleased to lay my resignation of that office before his majesty.

My respect for your Lordship's situation, and my regard for your Lordship's character, induce me to request of you, that that letter is recalled, your Lordship makes no further inquiries concerning the cause of my resignation.

I have the honor to be, &c.

The bishop's cousin replied: "He immediately wrote a truly meek reply."

LORD NORTH TO THE BISHOP.

DOWNING STREET, June 11, 1781.

MY LORD—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter, dated the 11th, and have great satisfaction in finding that you have misunderstood any impression occasioned by a paragraph in the former letter which I wrote from you.

With respect to any further arrangement, I can only say that I should be happy to find that any part of your Lordship's Lincoln would wish to remove to Salisbury; but if no such wish should exist, I shall be ready to receive the resignation your Lordship for the Deanery of St. Paul's.

I have the honor to be, &c. W. PITT.

This penitential letter of the bishop produced another from the minister, which is equally long. In the Gazette to Dean of Durham; to Coventry and Lichfield, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to the Archbishop of York, and to the united estates of ten American clergymen of the Episcopal Church, the following:

Without boasting of our own clergy, we can say of them what Solomon said of a man, a book they have not been, and are not, mercenary. If they have gone from one charge to another, it has generally because they believe that they can labor with better effect in the one than in the other. Hence among them many men mean enough to accept the mitre, and many more high enough to deny themselves to be discharged by a deputy. Upon this principle, we have not to speak about the Almighty Dollar, and discourse a little upon the influential *pound sterling*, and the fortieth *franc*.

A REWARD OF $500.

A committee of well-known citizens offer a reward of $500 for the apprehension by any one who will do it, or two hundred and fifty dollars for either the capture of the murderer or murderers, so that the words mean be punishable in their degree, or something so noble or kind as will do divine servation.

The object of this is to supply a deficiency, it must be; otherwise Hall Coleman or Tom Strahan would have been apprehended.

O, Committee! know ye not that God does not need your help? Your committee may as well offer a reward for a nation's concentrated fire!

O, Committee! know ye not that by reason of the peril of war, the mighty heroism of hosts be unchained, and the fighting blood of the nation is glow, and stir the wild pulsations of the heart?

O, Committee! know ye not that Jehovah's hymn beyond the cern-field, and the work-shop, and the mart, and the pulpit proclaims the battle with joy.

O, Committee! The eloquence of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of Chatham, of Mirabeau, of Webster, and the more popular poetic of poets and arms and the rapt ecstacies which stir the hearts of men are no comfort; and so with the lyrics of the musician-poet when addressed to the national heart.

STREET MUSIC.

What has become of the hand organs and the grinders thereof? Three-fourths of them are gone. Not a street corner or public square now was besieged by troops of crank-turning liberators of Italian captives. Organs with monkeys and fashioned cups were so common in our streets that the sight ceased to excite a look at them. Now one rarely sees a wandering minstrel, save alone or with a "pick-a-pipe," and the open airs thus made the evening and the morning hours to be a bore to our streets. The reason, doubtless, is that the hand-organ monopolists found it a less music too grudge for these troublous times. Merited was the order of the Mayor, that "no hand organs or barrel organs, fifing rockets and fire-crackers shall be used in the streets." Now one rarely sees a wandering minstrel, save alone or with a "pick-a-pipe," and the open airs thus made the evening and the morning hours to be a bore to our streets. The reason, doubtless, is that the hand-organ monopolists found it a less music too grudge for these troublous times. Merited was the order of the Mayor, that "no hand organs or barrel organs, fifing rockets and fire-crackers shall be used in the streets." Now one rarely sees a wandering minstrel, save alone or with a "pick-a-pipe," and the open airs thus made the evening and the morning hours to be a bore to our streets. The reason, doubtless, is that the hand-organ monopolists found it a less music too grudge for these troublous times. Merited was the order of the Mayor, that "no hand organs or barrel organs, fifing rockets and fire-crackers shall be used in the streets."

IMPUDENCE OF THE OLD NEWSPAPERS.

The old newspapers of the last century were sometimes much more saucy in tone than any modern editor would dare to be. We have seen a copy of Dunlap's *Journal*, published in London in 1786, in which ladies are insulted in the very edge of their bonnets, ornamental," in order to make room for a hundred new patterns that could otherwise be admitted to the performance of Handel's Messiah. In an advertisement published fifty years later, the ladies were strictly enjoined not to come to a certain festival at Westminster with full-sized hoops, if any. We should like to see a nuisance director issue a similar "vermillion edict" to the beauty and fashion of the present day. Wouldn't there be a row?

THE BURNING OF WASHINGTON.

Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn, who commanded a blockading fleet in the waters of the Chesapeake during the years 1813 and 1814, had matters pretty much his own way for some time on Virginia waters. A flotilla, commanded by Commodore Barney, had been his home some years, but this had finally been compelled to take refuge far up the Patuxent River, and was driven from thence to Benedict, Annapolis, and even to Washington, from which cities, from some strange infatuation of the government and people, it failed to retire. Cockburn was ordered them, could show any state of defence, and Washington the British had been very regularly. Considering that two years had elapsed since the declaration of war, and that for a year and a half the piratical crew of Cockburn had been allowed to ravage the Chesapeake and ports of North Carolina, committing the most wanton depredations upon all defenceless places and citizens, this sparsity of the government to the threatening danger, the larger cities, is somewhat remarkable, and can be in no way reproached. An attempt had been made to burn Norfolk, but the British had been repulsed, with considerable slaughter, by the gallant defence of the Norfolk militia, and nothing was so far as to talk about doing something to the city of Washington. The military district, comprising Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the city of Washington, was formed, and the command given to General Winder. The Maryland militia drunk circulars were printed for a requisition upon them, and the Washington regiment, last which, if ever sent, were never sent to the front, were ordered to the seat of war.

On receiving his appointment, early in July, the commander-in-chief of the United States army, General Winder set vigorously to work to organize the forces for the defence of the city. One difficulty he had to encounter, that when the British fleet should appear in the river, they spoke the following month, he had not two regiments of militia to muster. They were men on paper where there was a splendid force of the regiments were with General Winder, overlooking the scene of operations; but at the commencement of the action the Chief Magistrate and suite withdrew and rode back to Washington, where they made their preparations for a hasty departure, foreseeing the inevitable fortunes of the day. The alarm soon became general, soldiers and citizens were everywhere seen flying for their lives, and the British forces, after silencing Barney's battery, marched steadily forward with little or no opposition.

At this time Washington numbered about nine hundred houses, which were not compact but straggled at intervals in groups over a space of several miles. The principal buildings were the Presidential House and the Capitol, both constructed of white free-stone, and standing in unobstructed beauty; and these the British general, counseled by the infamous Cockburn, determined to destroy—an act of vandalism that the British nation has been ashamed of from that day to this. Halting the main body of his troops at a point a mile and a half from the Capitol, General Ross, accompanied by Cockburn and a dozen mounted officers, rode forward in triumph into the almost deserted city, and proceeded to the President's House, where they found the table spread and wines in cool, to which the officers helped themselves, and whatever else they fancied, and then set the building on fire. By a signal, the splendid but undished Capitol was fired, and the troops, under the Senate House, and House of Representatives, the Treasury and War Offices, with all the valuable furniture, libraries, archives, and public documents of the nation, were piled up with their volumes of smoke and flame and devoted light. Besides these principal buildings, the enemy fired a private rope-walk, a hotel, the great bridge across the Potomac, and several private dwellings. The navy yard was fired by order of Commodore Tingey, and a frigate on the stocks and a sloop of war were consumed with the rest.

At the flames of the Presidential House arrived, clutched and heaped for sloth into the nutlery air and low and dark-eyed Indian girl, with a fine figure, and a sloop of war were consumed with the rest.

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LORD JEFFREY, EDWARD EVERETT, AND GEORGE BANCROFT.

[The following letter contains a statement concerning a prophecy of Lord Jeffrey's as to Edward Everett's future, which, Everett, made when the latter was a brilliant boy, Jeffrey, for to know that the distinguished reviewer's judgment of character was as capricious and unsatisfactory as his judgment of books. The letter also contains other valuable reminiscences of Lord Jeffrey which the reader will find to be highly interesting.

Springfield Republican, Wednesday, May 29, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. ALLEBONE:—I have given you an apology for permitting your very kind notice to remain so long unacknowledged. Ill-health will, I trust, plead for me. In your first note you tell me that you were interested in what I told you of my visit to Lord Jeffrey—and in reminding me of our dear friend, Edward Everett, and you kindly ask me to send them to you in a letter, that you may some day publish it. I am afraid my letters are not deserving of such treatment, but it is no excuse for my neglect of your letters.

In the books of reference before you, you have seen, as you tell me, my humble name mentioned by our own historians and biographers, as having furnished materials, and that, my dear sir, is really all I have done, except a few published letters, which were written to one of the Georgia Historical Society formed in 1839, and of which I was a member. Besides these published letters, I have pieces of your city, Dr. R. D. Arnold, and myself. But I have no letters or memoranda of Lord Jeffrey, or of Edward Everett.

In the summer of 1847, the health of my youngest son, Charles C. T., who had been severely afflicted in the late, became enfeebled, and I determined to take him to Europe, in the hope that change and a sea voyage might do him good. But it was too late. He survived but a few years. He died in Liverpool, followed by the prayers of the best *free persons* were of Accra, and hence our letters of introduction were addressed to them.

On my arrival I called upon my friend and correspondent, Dr. Arnold, who, on looking over his letters, suggested that I should insert the one addressed to Lord Jeffrey, in the hope that I might see him. I accordingly did so, and was called on next morning by a servant in livery, who told me that his master, Lord Jeffrey, would be glad to see me at his house. Accordingly, on the following morning, I called upon Lord Jeffrey, and found him to be a very old man, but a very agreeable one. He was then *seventy-seven* years of age, and hence our letters of introduction were addressed to him.

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LEGEND OF THE SUN-DIAL.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

"I only mark the hours that shine"
Sweet legend of the Dial-plate,
Would that beneath the Orb of Fate
Man's Heart could hold such joys as thine!
Here for wealth Misery's banner shines
From cradle to the grave!

II.

But each not for Humanity—
Two diffrent the motive that gives,
By you mysterious, awful Heaven,
Branch to wondrous Destiny!
The Heart must mark the hours of Night
As well as those of Light.

III.

Tell, Soul, if thou wouldst be sublime,
O let thy mystic Dial-plate
Trace meekly up unto the Face,
And firmly take the shades of Time!
Even Heaven's darkness shows reward,
Flung from the Eternal Hand!

IV.

Sun-Dial, I that wish revolt!
This effulgence of the Soul from thee
Proves for my task great difficulty!
And flight to Isle of Beauty and of Light!
Then, flight, most like the bosom of Night
Is still as Home of Light!

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THE HUNTED FELON;

OR,

THE FORTUNE-TELLER OF LYNN.

A ROMANCE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. C. F. GERRY.

CHAPTER X.

WILD AS NATURE'S OWN WAYS SHE MOVED
HER FORM AND FEATURES SOFT AND FREE;
HER BEAUTIFULNESS WAS UNMATCHED BY ART.—*Southey.*

Goaded by fear, stung by remorse, the hunted felon fled behind the bushes, crept through the woods of Lynn and Nahant, and plunged into the wilds of New Hampshire. Now and then, half dead with hunger, the guilty creature stopped at a wayside inn, but there travellers discussed among stirring war news, the terrible murder in Lynn, and the criminal dared not stay, where the flushed cheek and trembling frame would betray that secret. Two or three times, in the midst of the spring rains, a shelter was sought at the cheery fireside of some farmer, but here too the guilty soul failed, and the children shuddered over poor Mabel's tragic fate. On reaching Deerfield, a beautiful and quiet town, the weary felon ventured into a small tavern, in the hope of obtaining a morsel of food, and a glass of what the Indians duly denominated fire-water. The little bar-room was crowded with guests, who, over their tankards of cider, declared that they were on the search for the murderer of Captain Ward's daughter, having obtained a requisition from the Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts to arrest any suspicious persons. Forgetting the caution which would have been prudent under such circumstances, the felon precipitately left the hostelry. This hasty departure, together with his haggard face, and "accusing" aspect, soon communicated to the bystanders, and the officers started in pursuit. But the criminal took the precaution to bind on his shoes with the heels in front, and thus the pursuers were misled. On, on, on they dashed, and by, on, on, in the opposite direction, sped the criminal! Through the great old Deerfield woods, along the banks of Pleasant Pond, and amid the fastnesses in the neighborhood of the Gulf—Indications enabled us at this day, and in those times as solitary as the bear haunted Isle of Storm Hermits. On the brink of one of the steep precipices, which go sloping down, down to a deep and narrow ravine, he paused. For an instant a mad impulse urged him to leap into the gloom, but desperate as he was, he shrunk from the dread unknown. He drew back, and lay down there, till hunger drove him forth. Then he plunged into the dense forests to the northward, till he reached a spring at the foot of a cleared hill, on which he saw, to his extreme surprise, a log dwelling. Here was a human habitation, and he resolved to die a villager. At the place where he stopped, five roads now meet, and the waters of the spring bubble with a purposeful flow from a pleasant, grassy manner, into a huge, granite basin. The unassuming home of the traveler drinks there, the cattle when they come straying down from the distant, green pastures of evening, quaff that pure tide, and the vagabond refreshes himself with a draught ere he departs. Ordered thereby, more delicious and life-giving than the best blood of the grape, or the mythic nectar sipped from golden goblets by the Gods of high Olympus, the false drank, the weary and ragged, bathed his flushed and heated brow, and plunged his hands into the fountain, as if he would wash off the blood-stains, which to his excited fancy seemed to redden his palms. Night waned in, and wearily, wearily he toiled up the hill to the door of the first house. He rapped, and a tall man by a rich cast and broad-brimmed hat, appeared on the threshold.

"Is this an inn?" asked the wayfarer.

"Nay—oh, nay! 'tis the Trustees' Office of the Academy."

"And what are the Shakers?" and there was wild eagerness in his low tone as he spoke.

"A United Society of Believers, who have adopted the Lord's command to come out from the world and be separate. Like the Apostles, we have all things in common, and as we will not bear arms; for we read in the Gospel that he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword. We neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the Angels of God."

"—I never heard of you before," faltered the felon; "and you look like a stranger, who wants rest?"

"You; we do not often turn poor travellers away."

"I am not poor, as far as money is concerned. I have some gold then I can find a inn for; but I am poor in friends—in everything that makes life pleasant."

"You need such a refuge as we can offer you," exclaimed the elder. "Come in."

"A thousand thanks! I shall be only too thankful for your kindness!" And the criminal followed his host into a room destitute of every kind of ornament, but so neat, so comfortable, that he sank down with a sigh of relief. A lamb was on his knee, which was devoured with ravenous haste: and then he was conducted into a small room, with a sanded floor, and furnished with a gray counterpane, a stiff chair or two, and a light-stand, all of Shaker manufacture. For the first time in many weeks, the hunted felon slept beneath a roof, and on a comfortable bed. Several times during the night he started up in terror, thinking that he had been discovered by his pursuers; but when he found himself safe, he grew quiet, and again fell asleep. At an early hour the next day he was astir. When he went forth into the village, dense clouds of mist shut out the prospect, and rain-drops clung to every leaf and the tender blades of grass. At length, however, a glow began to burn through the mist, like rosy light through a crystal vase; then the vapor melted away, and the sun rose, flashing the East like an altar-fire, and kindling earth and sky into beauty. Beyond the nest of dwellings, broad fields and brim fences of the Shaker settlement, lay some pleasant reaches of hill, and valley, and woodland, with blue lakes glimmering here and there, and farther off the bold Guilford Mountains, rising sharply against the sky. While he was gazing around in silence, the elder who had admitted him the night previous, moved to his side.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of us?"

"I like your faith! Love is but a dream; 'tis best to remain in the world in full of false-hood, wretchedness, guilt—here I shall find peace!"

"Heaven grant it, friend! And now who are you?"

"Let my real name be a secret! It is sufficient for you to know that a traveller-life has lost all which charmed me once. I will, however, tell you I am of foreign parentage, whether noble or ignoble it matters not to you."

"Nay, we are commanded to have no respect of persons," rejoined the Elder, "but it is contrary to receive members as you wish to come. If you will enter, in this manner."

The stranger expressed his thanks, and begged the Shaker to give him a name.

He hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Call me Silver Hair, for I am a godly man, and I will give you his name. May his mantle fall upon you?"

A stranger walks passed over the dark face of the felon, but he made no answer. Not long afterwards he assumed the quaint, Shaker garb, and seemed as restless as the most devoted of the society.

Summer came, with her rainbows and her showers, her tall grass and green foliage, her singing birds and her roses, and the hunted felon was still a denizen of the Shaker Village. And was he at rest? No, 0 no; a heavy heart beat beneath his drab coat, remorse gnawed like the vulture, fiend in the olden story, and never a night passed that he did not see the cows home, and stopped to drink at a wayside pool, he would be startled by the wild eyes, the haggard face which

"Tell me my fortune, mother."

"I'm not my curious to practice palmistry," replied the seeming Moll, "but I have an objection to revealing what is written on your hand."

She peered into its lines, as if they were indeed the hieroglyphics of destiny, and muttered:

"Many and many crosses in your life; I see you amid warring armies—on the battle-field—by the red camp-fire, wherever Britain calls her soldiers, you go."

"And now, what of my lady-love—have I yet seen her who is to be my wife?"

"Yes."

"And is she a blonde, or dark, bright and beautiful?"

"The latter," said the disguised Grace, for with a woman's quick intuition she had noticed that he uttered the last four words in a softer and more subdued tone of voice.

"By St. George, you're right! At any rate, you have proved yourself a magician beyond all My friends opposed the match, and I doubt not that they will do all in their power to bring about an alliance between myself and a blonde heiress, but I thank you for assuring me that Love will finally triumph over Pride!"

He gave the sibyl a crown, and she soon offered to read her fate with Robert Pitcher. Two tickets were passed in safety, and at twilight Grace rescued the trembling plaything. Richard Cro-ton sprang to meet her, and led her to a more secluded spot, where they would be unobserved. Then, with a cry of joy, the girl sank into her lover's arms, and allowed on his warm, manly lips, and heard him call her by a thousand endearing names. Ah, dear reader, in the hour of night-watch, memories of her had cheered him; and in the darkness of the fight, his fond thoughts had vered to her, and he had begged the saints, that if he should fall, they would bear to her the prayers he dying had been for her. Grace Ward, and with a lightened heart, the young creature of her unchanging love, a regret which unfolding of the plot, Richard Croften will take naught but a common soldier's wages while his country needs his aid.

Again the blood surged over the maiden's cheek, and her eyes sparkled, her whole soul seemed to warm rained from her eyes, and she clasped her arms around her lover, as though she would never to her heart in a convulsive embrace.

"Oh, my beloved, my own!" she murmured, "as soon as we had exchanged greetings, he asked if you were married to Mr. Hendricks. I told him you were not, and then he made a thousand love to me—then, he begged me to be his bride by stealth. I offered to bring my messenger he might meet me at the Old Man of the Mountain. But he would not consent to that, and he would have me go to the Old Man of the Mountain. But he would not consent to that, and he would have me go to city the magnificent scenery spread out around him. The mountain dove could not wish his bread of murderer from his brows; no moonbeam spring could reflect the dark soul clung to him. We all know that solitude is a torture to the guilty, and our laughter has fled from the dwelling, and we were passed. The wind seemed whispering his guilt, the thunder echoed it, the forked lightning seems it on examination, for above him. What could he do? Hide—hide—hide! In the long moonlight, and time dragged by, and he was not to be found. Then, with a woman's cunning from the family who sheltered him, he procured a sled, and thus disguised, travelled without suspicion. When questioned by an inquisitive farmer, he answered that he was a poor woman travelling to see a sick sister by the roadside, and he was at length found himself in Boston.

CHAPTER XI.

"Ready, Gentlemen, for the die thrown!
Ready, Ladies, for the game to commence!"

Grace Ward sat alone in one of the rooms which had been appropriated to her by the Shakers. The vine-wreathed lattice, the graceful drama, the heaps of rainbow-piled here and there like sunset clouds, the guitar inlaid with pearl and silver, the pale Egyptian lilies blooming in quaint urns, the models of peaches and mosques, and the miniature fountain, which threw up tiny jets of perfumed waters, lent an air of oriental splendor to the apartment. But to the girl, sitting there in silence, it seemed a gorgeous prison-house. Her uncle maintained a rigid surveillance over her, and no messages

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"By St. George, you're right! At any rate, you have proved yourself a magician beyond all My friends oppose the match, and I doubt not that they will do all in their power to bring about an alliance between myself and a blonde heiress, but I thank you for assuring me that Love will finally triumph over Pride!"

He gave the sibyl a crown, and she soon offered to read her fate with Robert Pitcher. Two tickets were passed in safety, and at twilight Grace rescued the trembling plaything. Richard Croften sprang to meet her, and led her to a more secluded spot, where they would be unobserved. Then, with a cry of joy, the girl sank into her lover's arms, and allowed on his warm, manly lips, and heard him call her by a thousand endearing names. Ah, dear reader, in the hour of night-watch, memories of her had cheered him; and in the darkness of the fight, his fond thoughts had vered to her, and he had begged the saints, that if he should fall, they would bear to her the prayers he dying had been for her. Grace Ward, and with a lightened heart, the young creature of her unchanging love, a regret which unfolding of the plot, Richard Croften will take naught but a common soldier's wages while his country needs his aid.

Again the blood surged over the maiden's cheek, and her eyes sparkled, her whole soul seemed to warm rained from her eyes, and she clasped her arms around her lover, as though she would never to her heart in a convulsive embrace.

"Oh, my beloved, my own!" she murmured, "as soon as we had exchanged greetings, he asked if you were married to Mr. Hendricks. I told him you were not, and then he made a thousand love to me—then, he begged me to be his bride by stealth. I offered to bring my messenger he might meet me at the Old Man of the Mountain. But he would not consent to that, and he would have me go to city the magnificent scenery spread out around him. The mountain dove could not wish his bread of murderer from his brows; no moonbeam spring could reflect the dark soul clung to him. We all know that solitude is a torture to the guilty, and our laughter has fled from the dwelling, and we were passed. The wind seemed whispering his guilt, the thunder echoed it, the forked lightning seems it on examination, for above him. What could he do? Hide—hide—hide! In the long moonlight, and time dragged by, and he was not to be found. Then, with a woman's cunning from the family who sheltered him, he procured a sled, and thus disguised, travelled without suspicion. When questioned by an inquisitive farmer, he answered that he was a poor woman travelling to see a sick sister by the roadside, and he was at length found himself in Boston.

CHAPTER XI.

"Ready, Gentlemen, for the die thrown!
Ready, Ladies, for the game to commence!"

Grace Ward sat alone in one of the rooms which had been appropriated to her by the Shakers. The vine-wreathed lattice, the graceful drama, the heaps of rainbow-piled here and there like sunset clouds, the guitar inlaid with pearl and silver, the pale Egyptian lilies blooming in quaint urns, the models of peaches and mosques, and the miniature fountain, which threw up tiny jets of perfumed waters, lent an air of oriental splendor to the apartment. But to the girl, sitting there in silence, it seemed a gorgeous prison-house. Her uncle maintained a rigid surveillance over her, and no messages

"Tell me my fortune, mother."

"I'm not

not die till he added a codicil to the effect, that if I ever returned, and my innocence was established, I should have half his wealth. Within a few weeks I have obtained from the proper authorities a copy of this important will, which I can produce if required to do so; the death-bed confession, which proved me innocent, was heard by several persons, who have made affidavits thereto, and thus I am prepared to make good my claims!" All looked confounded, and Grace could only cry in her joy.

"The lost is found, the dead lives, my mother, O, my mother!"

Camille Ward stooped, and kissed her daughter again and again, exclaiming:

"Brother Philip, to-day sees how you have performed your trust, but from this hour your system of espionage shall cease! My sympathies, like hers, are with the Patriots; if she wishes to marry the young master of the Petrel, I will not say her nay! Come, Grace, my darling." As she spoke she moved from the room, but in the hall they were stopped by Heathcote.

"Mad mother of a mad child!" he muttered, "I repeat my threat: the day she becomes Crofton's bride, she shall be a widow!"

"Cousin Ralph has grown desperate with his disappointment," said the captain, apologetically.

Madam Ward smiled—a strange, mocking smile—as she replied:

"Sir, if I mistake not, your Westmoreland kinsman is older in crime than in years. Murder may not be quite a new thing to him!"

She passed out, and Heathcote drew back, pale and terror-stricken. Could it be that she knew he was an accomplice of the felon, for whom such rigid search had been made? He glanced at Captain Ward, and asked:

"What can she mean?"

"Oh, she's probably heard of that duel you fought in the Bois de Boulogne, and has thrown it up to you!"

"Yes, yes—it must be so, it must be so. But mine is no idle threat! The day of their wedding, I shall challenge Crofton, and he will be sure to fall, for I am the best shot in England!" Still his limbs shook, and at every sound he would start and listen, as if a legion of fiends were pursuing him.

CHAPTER XII.

I know St. George's blood-red cross,
Thou mistress of the seas—
But what is she whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze? — HOLMES.

A week after Richard Crofton's parting with Grace, he was far out at sea. The Petrel, a schooner, mounting fifteen guns, and manned by one hundred brave fellows, was cruising off and on, when the cry, "A sail! a sail!" came ringing down from the masthead.

"Where away?" shouted the captain.

"On our weather beam."

"Make all sail—give chase!" shouted young Crofton, in a voice that rang like a bugle blast.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Two hours later she was discovered to be a frigate, fired three guns, and hoisted English colors. Not long afterward the privateer run up the American flag, and all hands were immediately called to quarters on board the Petrel. The guns were loaded, and the ship cleared for action. By noon the conflict began by a shot from the frigate, which did not harm our gallant schooner, and was returned with interest by the Petrel. A perfect storm of balls and shot swept to and fro, damaging the rigging, and wounding the brave men. Captain Crofton and his crew, however, proved more than a match for the frigate, and perceiving that her commander was making preparations to bear away, he ordered the Petrel to tack, and thus prevent her escape. At length the frigate's mizen-mast was shot away, bringing down the red cross of St. George, and our hero, fancying that she had struck, directed his men to cease their fire. But in a few moments the action was renewed with still greater spirit, and Captain Crofton finally ordered his crew to board the vessel. The scene on the deck of the frigate I have no power to describe; hand-to-hand they fought, like tigers, and there Richard Crofton was a master-spirit. One man of the frigate's crew seemed to single him out as the object of attack; blow after blow he aimed at the young officer with his cutlass, but he parried them for a long time. In the short, thick-set figure, and sinister face of his antagonist, he had recognized Gervayse Gault, and had said:

"I should be glad to meet you, if you were fighting in a just cause."

Gault's lip curled with a derisive smile, as he rejoined:

"I will fight as long as I have this good right arm, to put down these accursed Rebels, though all the powers of heaven and earth should combine against me!"

The next moment the arm he had raised in such defiance of God and man, was shot half off, and hung mutilated and bleeding at his side. With a fearful oath Gault sank among his wounded companions, and the master of the frigate found himself obliged to surrender.

Capt. Crofton now took formal possession of his prize, and gave orders that his own surgeon should attend to the wounded. Then he installed the first mate of the Petrel as commander of the frigate, and once more set sail. The prize-ship, having lost her mizzen-mast, she could not keep pace with the Petrel, but Crofton did not allow his crew to lose sight of her.

Four days after this sea-fight, a British brig was seen bearing down upon the prize, with the evident intention of re-capturing her. The Petrel gave chase, skimming over the waters like a bird upon the wing, and in two hours was alongside. Another desperate conflict ensued, but so fierce was the volley poured in upon the brig, that she hauled down her colors and surrendered. When night closed in, and the captain and crew of the Petrel were rejoicing over their success, Gervayse Gault was absorbed in gloomy thought. His arm had been amputated just above the elbow, and, as he gazed at the bandaged stump, his gray eyes flashed fire.

"If I ever reach the shore, I will avenge my wrongs," he muttered, "though I wade through a sea of blood to do it. Had not Heathcote hired me to follow Crofton on his cruise, and make way with him, I should not be here with one arm!" And oaths which I dare not repeat, broke from his lips.

A fortnight subsequent to these stirring events, the Petrel dropped anchor in the Saugus river, and the booty and prisoners were delivered to the proper authorities. Under a strong guard of soldiers, the captives marched to headquarters, and thence to jail. As they passed through Lynn, the man whom Heathcote had paid for murdering Mabel Ward, perceived Gault, his companion in guilt, and swore he would rescue him, and kill Crofton at the earliest opportunity.

On reaching headquarters, the brave master of the Petrel was warmly welcomed by those connected with the naval department, and invited to dine that afternoon at the commander's mansion. At the appointed hour he was ushered into the drawing-room where the guests had assembled. There were gallant officers in military undress, old men with powdered perukes, linen ruffles, velvet coats and small clothes—a costume which I think has never been rivalled in elegance. Stately dames were grouped about, arrayed in the richest of satin and brocade, with nodding plumes and family jewels; and young ladies with the blooming beauty of Hebe, or the delicate loveliness of the Peris of Eastern song. Many noble guests were present, but all felt instinctively as Richard Crofton entered, that he was their peer. Bright eyes kindled, red lips smiled at his approach, old patricians clasped his hand, and warmly commended his brave deeds at sea, his self-sacrifice in taking nought from his country save a common sailor's pay. His attention was soon attracted to a lady who sat in a great easy-chair at a little distance; she wore a robe of black velvet, with jet ornaments, and her hair here and there dashed with silver, was gathered beneath a becoming coiffure of black lace. She looked like one who had suffered much, and there was something in her countenance which reminded Crofton of Grace. The next moment a girlish figure, clad in a half-mourning dress of the most delicate violet satin, and wearing pearls and amethysts amid her tresses, and on her neck and arms, turned towards him—it was Grace! In another instant he was at her side, and her smiles and blushes, as well as her earnest words, told how welcome he was.

"Richard," she murmured, after the greetings were over, "let me introduce you to my mother!"

"Your mother, Grace—I thought she was dead."

"She was dead to me for many years; but thank God the lost is found! It was she who haunted me in Lynn; I will explain all by-and-by! Come!"

She drew him forward with fond pride, and presented him to her mother. Madam Ward greeted him with the utmost cordiality, and was talking of his late prowess, in a manner that made his whole face light up, when dinner was announced, and the host appeared, to lead her to the dining-hall. Crofton gave his arm to Grace, and in a few moments they found themselves at a table, glittering with silver and porcelain, which had been brought from the fatherland to this new country. Madam Ward glanced at the Master of the Petrel, for she knew he was of humble birth, and could have had few opportunities of mingling with the best society. But neither she nor Grace had any reason to blush at his awkwardness, for the son of the Swampscot fisherman bore himself royally. When the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, the host rose and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I give you the health of the gallant master of the Petrel, like Chevalier Bayard, without fear, and without reproach. Let this toast be drank standing."

The guests sprang to their feet, drank the toast which had been proposed, in flowing bumpers of claret, and cheered till the old house rang.

As Richard Crofton re-entered the parlor, Grace joined him, and murmured, while her cheek flushed and her eyes beamed like stars:

"Those cheers were for you."

"I cannot deny it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Grace, "you are growing famous, but I love you no better than when you had no such claims to recommend you."

"Dear Grace," rejoined Crofton, "I hope I shall sometime make myself worthy of your love. Are you still staying at your uncle's?"

"O! no, we left there nearly a month ago. We live in Cambridge at the old Wetherell Place. We have an establishment of our own, and when you call, I will tell you what has passed since our parting. I must not monopolize you now, go and talk to that tall girl in crimson—she's loud in her praises of you."

Rather reluctantly the Master of the Petrel obeyed, and even when conversing with others, his gaze wandered to Grace. When the company began to disperse, it was ascertained that a chill rain was falling, and the host sent the ladies home in his carriage.

Richard Crofton yearned for a confidential talk with Grace, and he was about to leave, when the host called him back, and made some further inquiries relative to the prize-ships. As soon, however, as he could get away, the master of the Petrel set out for the home of Madam Ward. He had gone but a short distance, when a pistol ball came whizzing through the air, and struck his arm, lodging at last in his shoulder. He stopped a few moments, and peered into the gloom, but nought was to be seen or heard, and he hastened on. He raised the heavy iron knocker, shaped in a grotesque fashion, and let it fall with a violence, which would have awakened the seven sleepers. A black servant admitted him, and Grace bounded to meet him with all her former abandon. She led him into a great parlor, where her mother sat awaiting him, and as the light of the massive silver sconce flashed over him, it revealed his pallid countenance, the rent in his military coat, and the blood welling from the wound in his shoulder.

"O! Richard," moaned the girl, "you are pale as the dead—and—and—my God this is blood! Mamma, mamma, this is Heathcote's work!" and she staggered back, and would have fallen, had not Madam Ward caught her.

"Grace," replied the young man, "have no fears for me; it is nothing but a scratch I do assure you."

"But how did it happen?"

"A ball from an unseen source hit me, but I don't think it lodged in my shoulder."

Trembling in every limb, the girl moved forward.

"It must be more than a scratch," she gasped, "send for a surgeon, mamma!"

Captain Crofton protested, but he was overruled, and the doctor soon came. An examination revealed a pistol-ball, and ordering him to keep quiet, the surgeon left his patient to the care of Cassie and Grace.

The next day Grace told Richard Crofton her mother's history, and all that had occured at her uncle's, not omitting the threat of Ralph Heathcote. For a week the gallant Captain remained at the old Wetherell Place, and during his stay Madam Ward fully sanctioned his engagement to her child.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Villains, I know you both!"

"Is Mr. Ralph Heathcote boarding here?"

The speaker was, to all appearance, an old man, with shaggy, gray eyebrows, and hair whose silver threads were concealed by a profusion of powder, while his somewhat corpulent form bent low over a heavy gold-headed cane. As he spoke he moved to the bar of the Golden Fleece, and lifted his three-cornered hat with the grace of a polished gentleman.

"He is," replied Boniface.

"And is within?"

"I believe so."

"Then will you have the goodness to show me to his room?"

"Tim," exclaimed the landlord, addressing a boy who was playing dominoes in a corner, "show this stranger up to Mr. Heathcote's room."

The lad reluctantly rose, and shuffled along, followed by the old man.

"There, there; you can go now," cried the stranger, as they paused at Heathcote's door. He waited till the boy was out of sight, and then gave an imperative rap. The door was opened, and the young man rather sullenly asked:

"What's wanted?"

"I wish to see Mr. Heathcote—Ralph Heathcote of Westmoreland."

"I am the person you seek, sir. Will you walk in?"

The old man entered, and Heathcote closed the door and resumed:

"I think I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but perhaps you bring letters from my English friends."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the visitor; "are you blind, Heathcote? Couldn't you see John Ross through any disguise?"

"John Ross!" echoed the young man, in astonishment.

"To be sure! 'Twas necessary I should come here to-night, and you understand why disguises must be often worn by you and your confederates. I dared not wear the black mask, and so I painted my face to counterfeit wrinkles, put on false hair, beard and eyebrows, and assumed the semblance of venerable age."

"Well, what's the news?" queried Heathcote. "I haven't eat nor slept since I heard that Crofton was safe and Gault imprisoned! I don't know what to do without Gault—he's my right-hand man!"

"Give yourself no farther uneasiness on that score—Gault is at liberty!"

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Heathcote; "but how did he escape?"

"Why, though he's lost one arm, he is still strong as a giant; but I helped him."

"Where is he?"

"Safe in the Lynn woods."

"Well, if Crofton were out of the way, I should feel relieved."

"I shot at him the night of the great banquet which was given in his honor, but, the deuce take him, he walked on as if I had not hit him."

"Ross, I shall challenge him!"

"Confound it, man, you must not—Gault says so—declares it would be madness!"

"I am an accomplished fencer—if we should fight with swords, I should kill him."

"Not by a long chalk! Gault fought hand to hand with him aboard the Petrel, and was no match for him."

"Then I could take pistols!"

"But he can shoot as well as the Tyrolese marksmen."

It was fearful to see the tempest of rage which passed over Heathcote. He paced the room with a maniac's fury—he uttered the wildest curses. And length he paused before his visitor, and muttered:

"John Ross, if you will rid me and the world of Richard Crofton within a week, you shall have five thousand pounds sterling!"

"I will! Give me your hand upon it!"

They clasped hands, and thus the guilty compact was sealed. Then, over a flask of wine, they discussed the horrid details of Mabel Ward's murder, and congratulated each other that the hunted felon had succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the officers. It was late when the old man left the room; but after Heathcote had turned the key of his door, the door of the adjoining apartment was cautiously opened, and the weird face of Moll Pitcher peered for a moment through the aperture. The next instant it was withdrawn, and the door closed.

"Ah!" she whispered, "Ralph Heathcote does not know who he has for neighbors to-night at the Golden Fleece. Are you satisfied, Robert Pitcher?" and she grasped her husband's arm, and gazed earnestly at him.

"Yes, Moll."

"And you—you officers of this colony, who thought me almost insane, when I hinted that Ralph Heathcote was an accomplice—what think you now?"

"We, too, must acknowledge that you were right and we wrong. Whether your knowledge was gained by a woman's instincts, or a witch's arts, we cannot say."

"'Tis not for you to know," replied the sibyl, with a toss of her head. "Come, Robert, come! 'Twill be midnight when we reach High Rock. But no matter! Gault must be found, and then—then let three black hearts be unmasked!"

With these words she and her husband left the apartment, and were soon afterward careering away toward Lynn.

"Moll," he at length asked, "do you feel no compunction at taking Heathcote's money, and yet working against him?"

"No!" and the weird woman chuckled to herself. "I might as well take the good of it as have him bribe villains to fiendish deeds with his gold!"

Robert Pitcher was silent, but not satisfied; and he scarcely spoke during the remainder of the journey.

It was midnight when the sibyl dismounted at her own home; but, late as it was, she saw a figure lurking in the shadows.

"I would speak with you—I must speak with you!" exclaimed a voice, hoarse with suppressed passion.

"Follow me, then!"

The next moment she stood in the kitchen, where she had just lighted a candle, and close by her a woman, royal in beauty, royal in grace, and yet with eyes that gleamed like a basilisk's, and a heart throbbing stormily under her gorgeous robe. It was Hortense L'Estrange!

"Madam!" she almost shrieked, "have you no power like the hags whom Macbeth met on the desolate heath? Can you not unloose the winds, make the waves boil, and sink the Petrel fathoms deep? Can you not send blight and mildew on Grace Ward's hopes?"

The weird woman hesitated a moment ere she replied.

"In six days you shall know my power—you and your confederacy."

"A thousand blessings on you!"

She placed a coin in Moll's hand, and hastened from the house. The sibyl stood at the open door with her candle, and watched her till the satin robe of changeful sheen, the India shawl, and the superb head, with its coronet of night-black hair, had disappeared, and then went back, a strange smile flickering over her saturnine face.

Late in the afternoon of the following day Ralph Heathcote was lounging in Captain Ward's drawing-room. The light which shone through the diamond-paned windows was mellowed and enriched by voluminous curtains of crimson brocade, and wherever his eyes turned, they fell on some beautiful or costly decoration; but his manner was dejected in the extreme. The old man was talking indignantly of Grace and her mother, when the door was flung wide open, and a band of officers swept into the room. Captain Ward recognized several of them as having been on the search for his daughter's murderer, and supposed they had important tidings to communicate. After greeting them with dignified courtesy, he asked—

"Can it be that you have found the criminal?"

"We think we have, sir."

"Where—where is he?" and Captain Ward sprang forward, his face flushed, and his whole frame tremulous with strong emotion.

"He is in jail, awaiting his trial."

"What is his name?" gasped Heathcote.

"John Ross—and we have also discovered two of his accomplices."

"Who are they—who are they?" demanded Captain Ward.

"Gervayse Gault——"

"What that very Gault"—interposed the old man—"whom we arrested once, and discharged. Aye! cousin Ralph, I never did feel quite satisfied as to his innocence, but you thought we ought to clear him!"

"And he had a good reason for such a course! Captain, you've been harboring the viper which stung you to your heart's core! We're here, Ralph Heathcote, to arrest you as the villain who bribed Ross to murder your cousin Mabel!"

The young man tried to brave it out, but his lips were sealed; his face grew ghastly as that of the dead woman, who had been found in the Pirate's Glen; cold sweat gathered on his brow; his eyes seemed glazing with horror.

"See, see, see," cried one of the officers; "does not his guilt write itself on every feature?"

Again he made a spasmodic effort to speak, but to no purpose. Captain Ward had heard this with rage and wonder; he rushed forward, and grasping the Sheriff's arm, drew him aside.

"The Gods!" he muttered, "I've had so much trouble of late, I believe it has unsettled my brain—is it true that you have arrested the son of Sir Ralph Heathcote, of Heathcote Hall, for being an accomplice in that horrid, horrid murder—or—or is't some illusion?"

"'Tis no dream, my poor old gentleman—for your sake, I wish it were."

"But what motive could he have?"

"Hark ye—your kinsman has been the tool, the associate of your deadliest foes. They brought him to this country five years ago, and pointed out to him your daughter Mabel, then in the bloom of her youth and beauty. They knew that if he introduced himself as your Westmoreland cousin, you would warmly welcome him, and perhaps give him Mabel's hand in marriage; but they thought it would crush your proud spirit to have her elope with a person unknown to you. They took care that a marriage should be solemnized as soon as they reached France, for they intended he should be able to produce a legal claim to your fortune in case of your death. From Paris they went to St. Petersburg, and there Gault, who had followed them, penned the cruel letter which gave you the first tidings with regard to your lost child. They afterward visited other cities of the Old World, and two children were born to them, one of whom died, when it was a year old, at Naples.

"Meanwhile poor Mabel's heart had been wrung by the disclosures of a gipsy girl, whose love Heathcote had won while sojourning in Spain, and who had vowed to avenge her wrongs. But her husband maintained a semblance of affection till they went to Naples. Then he grew cold and morose, and Zoe, the young gipsy, assured her that Heathcote had fallen desperately in love with the portrait of a fair American heiress. She resolved to watch and listen when he held mysterious conferences with strangers, and ascertained that the beautiful girl was her own cousin, Grace, and that he had determined to win her and her fortune at any cost. The wronged wife resolved to hasten home with her child, and warn Grace; but Heathcote discovering her intentions, bribed John Ross to murder her and the little Agnes! At the trial there will be still more startling revelations!"

A volley of curses broke from Heathcote, and rallying, he made one mighty effort to wrest himself from the grasp which had fastened upon him, but in vain.

"O, my God! my God! this is awful!" cried Captain Ward. "Off with him to jail! No, no, don't wait for judge or jury. Let the people in the streets hear what I've heard, and they'll tear him limb from limb!" Then stalking across the room, he paused before Heathcote, and shook his clenched hand fiercely in his livid face.

"Fiend!" he thundered, trembling all over with passion, "you have beggared my daughter's life, bribed another demon to murder her and her child, and almost driven me mad with shame and sorrow! Go, go—out of my sight, and take with you an old man's curse!"

Heathcote cowered under the majesty of his kinsman's indignation, but he dared not speak; the next moment heavy manacles were forced upon his wrists and ankles, and he was borne away to jail.

Captain Ward was raving like a maniac, when a low voice said:

"Well, did I not tell you at Lynn that murder would out—that you might yet find the hunted felon beneath your own roof?" and Moll Pitcher moved into the grand drawing-room.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the old man, turning toward her. "O, Moll, Moll, did you suspect him then?"

"Aye, that I did, as you will hear at court. Hark ye, Captain Ward: they say Mabel's ghost haunts her old chamber in Boston; I wish the phantom would testify at the trial!"

A long conversation ensued, and it was night when the sibyl left the mansion.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE OPAL BRACELET.

BY A CHILD OF THE ORIENT.

I have never known who I am, nor whence I came. My first remembrance is of a long, wearisome, stormy sea voyage, during which I suffered much from illness and neglect, and cried many hours, in my berth alone, for some one whom I loved to come to me. Who this person was, or whether there were more than one, I have long since forgotten, and I think, even then, my memories of them were very indistinct; and, after all, my desires might have been more a child's passionate longing for love and care, than for the presence of any individual.

I was even then with the very persons—Madame Marie and her husband—under whose charge I grew up to womanhood. They never claimed to be my parents, or to bear any other relationship of kindred blood to me. They lavished money on me, and gave me priceless jewels which they said belonged to my family.

Having these things, as a matter of course, I naturally set little value upon them. Among my jewels was only one which awakened either pride or interest in me, and that was a bracelet, or rather armlet of some barbaric fashion, a heavy circlet of yellow gold, out of which gleamed an opal of the largest size, and rarest lustre.

I question if another stone like this exists, and I feel almost sure that scarcely, save in that weird land of mystery, the East, exists another with such magic powers as mine.

From my youth I had loved to watch the changing tints of my opal, and above all had been awed and charmed by it on the one or two rare occasions when it assumed the appearance I am about to describe. It was in questioning Madame Marie in relation to this that I heard from her lips the first and only allusion to my parents that ever passed them.

I was amusing myself, one day in my room, as was my wont, by decorating my person in gorgeous robes and jewels. Madame Marie had a collection of costumes of all manner of strange peoples, to which she sometimes allowed me access, as a means of diversion. I sought these, this day, and dressed myself in the yellow satin robes and flowing trousers of a Turkish Sultana. To complete the dress, I sought the opal bracelet, which was quite large enough to clasp my arm near the shoulder, just where the wide sleeve fell backward with its graceful sweep.

As I lifted it from its casket I saw that a marvellous change had passed over the gem. Its pale, translucent gleam, green, tinged with violet, had quite faded away. A dull gray shadow lay upon its outer surface, while deep down in its very centre glowed an eye. As distinctly as I behold now the blue eyes of my little one playing beside me, I saw this lurid orb shoot forth gleams of wrath, and horror, mingled, as it seemed to my excited imagination, with ferocious hate.

As I looked, the expression changed, wrath and terror faded away, and in their place came an expression of such fiendish, such malignant triumph as I have never seen, nor hope to see, in any human eye. Terror stricken, I screamed aloud, and Madame Marie, who was sitting in the next room, hurried in, followed by her husband, and a little old man whom they called Zophar.

I had thrown down the bracelet, and in my gorgeous robes was cowering in a corner among the cushions which I had arranged for the Sultana's couch.

"What is the matter, Ann?" asked Madame Marie, advancing quickly toward me.

I pointed to the bracelet, but put up both my hands warningly, lest she should bring it to me. She snatched it from the ground, and turned to her husband, while Old Zophar fell into an attitude, exclaiming in his broken and mixed dialect:

"Quelle posé! Vat centeurites of de expression! Mon dieu! Gott in Himmel! Vere is my papier? Vere is mon pinceau? Allons! Quoi donc! I go to make my lettle princesse vat you call immortelle!"

He rushed from the room, and I heard Madame Marie say to her husband:

"There is nothing here, but she has seen the eye," and he, with a loud laugh, and a sneer directed at me, turned away.

"You are not to be frightened, child," Madame Marie then said, turning to me. "The thing can't hurt you, and it's a sort of talisman, I believe, or something of that sort. At any rate, your mother charged me never to allow you to part from it, and she showed me once the eye in the opal that always warns one of your race of danger, or change to any other member of the race, or to one who is beloved. I tell you now, since you have found out the secret, that you are never to part with the gem, though, of course, if you please you may lock it in its casket, and not look upon it again for years."

"But, Madame Marie, tell me, you have never told me, what is my race? who was my mother? what, and who am I?"

"Child, be quiet! How often have I told you that you are not to know more than that you belong to us? Be quiet, or I shall regret that, to drive away your fears, I have told you so much."

She turned from me, and left me to struggle alone with the bewildering, vague memories, and the wild longings of my childish heart. My mother! Who or where was she? What was a mother's love, what a child's happiness?

Lovingly, almost reverently, I took up the opal. It was the only bond that united my barren, dissevered life with that of my unknown mother. The lurid eye had disappeared, the gray warning tint was gone. It beamed upon me, pearl-like in its fathomless, translucent light, as I pressed it wildly to my lips and heart. I drew the bracelet upon my arm, and from that hour I did not lay it aside for many long months. I watched the opal day and night. My health, life, comfort came to hang upon its changes. If it grew dull, I pined and faded. If the eye gleamed forth in terror, hate or warning, I shrank and mooned as one in pain, and seemed to feel, in my own person, whatever danger, pain or injury the unknown member of my unknown race sustained.

Madame Marie saw this, and vainly strove to remove it from my sight. For long I resisted, until she stole it from me in my sleep, and locking it in its casket, hid the key among her own effects.

I pined for the opal a few days, but Madame Marie was coldly obdurate; soon healthier interests absorbed my mind, and I began to recover the strength I had lost.

About this period we removed to a busy city street. Our life changed somewhat. I sometimes went out with Madame Marie, closely veiled, and saw the brilliant shops, and various harmless sights of the city, and I sat by my window, and saw the busy, surging life that flowed through our noisy street. New thoughts, strange ideas began to quicken in my brain. My intellect received a powerful stimulus, and the opal and its mysterious changes was forgotten. And meanwhile, with my whole soul going out through my eyes, I knew not that I was myself seen.

Hubert, looking from his opposite window, saw me as I gazed; my quaint and gorgeous dress attracted his regards, and my childish curiosity and interest in the veriest common-place of life, and then he noticed my unusual foreign form of feature, and the complexion, with its rich, warm tints, so different from that of American girls. Curiosity deepened into interest, and I think he loved me long before that night when he saved me from that fearful man who, eluding Monsieur Henri's vigilance, sought my chamber, and would have borne me away, I know not where. No matter how, at this present writing, but he rescued me, and restored me to my guardians' care, receiving, for this kindest act, only a severe intimation that his attentions would be deemed impertinent interference, and that it was hoped he would not again enter their doors.

* * * *

Once again the opal warned me of Hubert's danger. The bold, bad man dogged his footsteps, and would have slain him. But out of the depths of my slumber a cry of pain and terror awoke me. The opal gleamed near me in the gas-light—I raised it, and saw the warning eye in its depths—knew the *beloved* was now in danger—and springing wildly from my couch, rushed forth to save him. Instinctively I sought and found him. The assassin stood with poised weapon above him when I glided between. My cry of terror awoke the sleeper, and he was saved.

* * * *

I only consult it now when Hubert leaves me on those short absences that business sometimes makes necessary. It pales and brightens as he is sad or happy, but the warning eye has but once told me of danger. And then, in God's good providence, he escaped unhurt.

* * * *

Monsieur Henri and Madame Marie disappeared from the city when I became Hubert's wife, after one vain effort to recover the custody of my person. With them disappeared all possibility of developing the mystery that has encircled all my life. But it became known that they were the acknowledged leaders of a band of desperadoes, and Hubert always believes that they were employed, perhaps by some of the mighty ones of earth, to seclude me forever from all knowledge of a station that might have been so exalted as to tempt some weak mortal to the fearful crime of ridding himself thus of the only obstacle to power, or place, or riches. I know not, and I have long since ceased to care, content in my happy lot of wife and mother—best, holiest, happiest of all.

SOME persons have so great an aversion to pretension or affectation, that they are apt to neglect polish in their abhorrence of varnish.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

JUDGE NOT IN HASTE.

Never be hasty to your judgment—
Never forecast to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend!

Of no reasons for an action
Choose the better, not the worst;
Oft—with wisdom—the meaner motive
Ever settles the keener deed.
Then be gentle with misfortune;
Never forecast to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend!

Judge not with detracting spirit,
Speak not with disdainful scorn;
Nay, with kind and loving feeling,
Do one human creature mourn!
Words there are that, sharp as Winter,
Bury the fellow deep in woe;
Oh, be warm like a summer morning,
Or be silent, and not mean, a foe!
Then be gentle with misfortune;
Never forecast to extend
Evil mention of a neighbor,
Or of one you've called a friend!

THE ONE ERROR.

A STORY FOR YOUNG WIVES.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XX.

A TOUCHFUL CHARMION.

For a few minutes after the disappearance of the unconquering hostility, the ominous confusion in the little room, which had so lately been the scene of such peaceful and neighborly hospitality.

The old man, shamed by the confusion, and the harsh ignominy to which he had himself been subject, by his incoherent exclamations added to his hostility; and the child, half frightened and grieved to her little heart at the discourtesies she had already seen her elders guilty of, did not cease to lament; while Nelly was intent upon restoring the poor girl to consciousness.

Agnes at length grew calmer, though she shed tears plentifully, and having her head upon the arm of the chair where her father sat, she seemed rather to avoid than court the kindly attentions of her friend.

But it was only for a short time; sinking her head, she looked upon Mrs. Fosdick, who, as she strove to cry, and in a voice that she in vain essayed to make firm, said:

"Thank you, dear Mrs. Fosdick, but I won't set them against you for me; you have been so hard, oh! so hard. See how I'm sorry and grieve," her voice rose, and her face flushed as she spoke. "For then two months past I have loved you, and lived as honest child could know I have! What I've put up with, how I've lived and starved, and look treated—so—she burst into tears afresh, and impatiently pushed them away a moment after, as she cried: "They won't let me be right—they won't give me a chance; oh, it is very hard!"

The touch of little Ida's cheek upon her hand seemed her spur, and after a few moments of weeping, she said, despondingly:

"We must go at once, dear sister; I'm sure I cannot tell; she will give us no good word, and no bite, too."

Nelly, to whom even her own ill-fortune had hardly power to banish wholly the prejudices of her sex, thought in her heart sometimes that poor forlorn creature before her, still held somewhat about her, and in her tone of despairing voice, and further still moved by the staunch affection of her own child to her own sex—determined, she suffered her own kind nature to have way, and, again approaching Agnes, she said:

"Could you make shift to do with us for a bit, just till you can find a place?"

The young woman looked at her, as if doubting whether she heard right. Then, she said:

"I would struggle to find one of her own sex offering course, or tendering pity.

"Jo," urged Nelly, for tenderness begets more so rapidly in the hurt than contempt or ire—"Jo, and I'll help make you as comfortable as I can; you know what it is, and of course we couldn't all stay there together, for any time; but just till you look about a bit; come, now, let us set about arranging it at once."

Agnes Clarence took the hand of the other, and pressed it eagerly to her lips.

"Thank you, thank you, bless you, for your kind offer, but it may get you into trouble with the people at your place. She is not against me down stairs, I can see, and has set me so quite fail. I wish I'd told you, Mrs. Franklin, I wish I had; you'd say to me very true words even when you know—"

"Never mind, now," interrupted N and the words of good Dame Tibbetts just now recurred to her mind; "you're in trouble enough, and you've been very kind to us now, will you come?"

"I don't know what else we can do," said Agnes, looking appealingly at her father, who, much discomposed at her abrupt speech, and many futile attempts at consolation; "so, if you really will be so good as to be troubled with us just for the night, we will come, and thank you." She added, hastily: "It won't take me long to pack up all I have."

So it was settled Nelly should return home, to make such preparations as might be for her unexpected arrival, Ida, whose fears were relieved upon, solely with the assurance of her new friend replacing her sheriffs, and the assurance of tears dried, deported with her mother; leaving Agnes to make her arrangements with all haste for obeying the unceremonious warning she had received, to which she received a new impetus by a second visit from Mrs. Grojean, with an admonition that she "wanted the room," and a hope, indignantly expressed, that she "did not expect her to be reformers for her."

"No," Agnes meekly answered. She did not say where she was going, nor did she offer any retort to the last hurtful speech; but, when once her large eyes flashed, and her cheek glowed, and there was an expression on her face as if she could have been, upon occasion, a very different person to the quiet Agnes Mrs. Grojean so easily trampled on. But her few household belongings were soon packed, and every vigorous disposition was displayed by the poor old man, who, now he saw the end to which he was just coming to oppose himself, lavished a long and fond sy, a caressing tone, to be deposited on the truck at the door, and which—at least, in its proprietor—Mrs. Grojean, with a cruel refinement of malice, was hurrying to get done, and be off "with them unsightly relicksyes from before her door."

There was a little delay, consequent upon getting the piano under the shed—indeed, to form the parapet, the board having been previously removed; and the men of the truck had to be sent stairs to reach them.

Passing this, and when all the chattels were piled upon the truck, and the old man, trembling and unsteady, had just accomplished the descent of those stairs which would never annoy him any more, he rushed Tom, at more than his usual random speed, more plentifully besprinkled with painter's ink than was ever his wont, and suddenly brought to a standstill by the unexpected spectacle of removal that met his eye as he entered.

"You going away?" he exclaimed, bluntly, as he came to a sudden halt in front of Agnes, who stood by her father's side, with her basket in her hand, and ready equipped for starting.

Agnes answered in the affirmative.

"What for?" said the unpremising boy: "my mother been in her tantrums? and I was a-going to shave him my birds and all; what a shame it is!"

"Oh, don't mind, thank you," expostulated Agnes: "I'm glad, though, I've seen you, because you've done me many a kindness, and I wanted to thank you."

"Bother!" interrupted Tom, his face reddening, and indignation getting the better of a certain shyness which would have been too much for him on such an occasion; "but, I say, where are you going to, and what for? all my friends enough when I left—you and mother, and you must have fell out awful, what is it?"

"Never mind, Tom," said Agnes; "there's no falling out, and I'm going to a friend's."

"Then I'm sorry for her," said Tom, "if she don't you mind, I am going to a friend's."

"I am sure I am," said Agnes, with a faint smile.

"Now mind—you—don't you—and she'll be sure to be mad."

"Never you mind—how should I know what she'll be sure of?" said Tom, impatiently; "I'm sure she had none. Now where are you off to?"

Then Agnes told him of the new home and lands, and assumed his ery, with every sign of unmitigated joy, and a shout.

"I'm going to help 'em move," said Tom, taking upon himself the dignity of a proprietor.

"Go slow!"

"I like moving, and I don't want no ses," said Tom; and he was already at the side of the truck.

The truck was already out of sight, but the lusty young fellow soon adopted the pair, and the boy caught sight of Agnes's dress as it fluttered round a corner.

Quick as thought Tom darted across the Close, and, by the time the truck had reached the street the truck had entered, and so met the little party, and was by their side in a moment.

Agnes began a remonstrance, but she might as well have spoken to the wind.

Tom had a ready ally in the young man who had the truck in charge, and who was delighted at having his burthen lessened. So with a mutual wink at the employer, the elder took possession of the flowers in their tin canisters, and a pail of water, which he carried with him, and with him those on the truck; he would have added to his load the basket Agnes carried, but he was met by Tom's cut of insubordination, refused.

"You ain't angry with me?" Tom said, at last, as they journeyed slowly along Houlton, and she walked by her father's side, supporting him, as she should find him. "I don't do my form consisting, Aggy, indeed."

"Oh, no, I am not angry," Agnes replied, with a faint smile; "only you will get into disgrace with Mrs. Grojean if she sees you, and I don't care for her to be troubled with you in presently."

She fled in the night from her father's house in London, for fear of being called to the bar.

She found him—at last he resided at Houlton—and found that he was now the second husband of a woman, rich, and half as old again as himself.

That was the wakening from her short dream; she learned that he was not the father who had loved, I need not tell you what she did. To you who have not, I cannot tell you what she did. To you who have not, I cannot tell you what she did. To one vengeance on him, nor make notorious, even as is described, his sin, by blanching her cheek, and filling her eyes with tears, she could but visit passed other that her child, from the time she found it in the house of her father, and was born, and baptised in his mother's tears, had been "Ida May."

Much care, and tenderness, and aid she found there; she met with many a stirring incident, as they came when she must turn, once more, into the cold world, with her little motherless child to care for life, who was so much dearer to her than life, and for whom she would be foolish thing to her, as if it might have been the object of her most tender affection, and so—heaven help us in this Christian country! she was left to starve, and to die, and to be cast to sink her down, down in the social scales, till she reached the very lowest of the lowest.

The good women at the hospital had subscribed a small sum for her at parting, and with that she paid for the use of the little room in the west-seeking work. She was young and strong, and terribly willing to work, and a stirring passage with would never imagined at such a servant; but, poor slaughter-house, then "—and a conjecture for her chance; even went so far as to ask one morning, when she was about to go out, whether she might also see her baby, if it was brought to her. Here and there a kind face looked upon her with horrified, and blessed her stars as she started from it, that she was not like that poor, lost creature that could so unblushingly declare herself a mother, and that poor soul could not help saying she had to love with a tenacity that would have done honour to a saint.

"I never felt quite miserable," she said to Nelly, "until I was left to myself, and then I felt and wearied it; and the pretty dear would smile up to my face; it was the only thing that kept me tolerably happy, wretched outcast as I was."

She went on to say, how she soon learned it would be useless trying to get work at my house, for Mrs. Grojean had told her she would not have it; and how she took to the dreary occupation of needlework, and how she ran on to miserable fruits she starved for months, from the most miserable pittance.

Then work failed, and she had to seek it anew, and in such places as were by no means fruitful, and her eyes were cast down.

Then work failed, and she had to seek it anew, and in such places as were by no means fruitful, and her eyes were cast down.

"I cannot bad fourteen pence a week, for a second, and I never saw my child's face for seven weeks eighteen out of it."

She broke out crying, and for a time even the consolatory words of her companion had not power to soothe her.

Then she went on to tell how her child pined and died, as she persisted in believing, as a punishment for her error, sorely repented as it had been; how she had herself lain sick to death for months, and would then have entered on asylum that was offered to her, but that she had accidentally learned that her bad stepmother had deserted her father, having robbed him of everything she could lay hands on; and that the old man, stricken with infirmity of mind and body—had been some time past the inmate of a workhouse.

From a few charitable persons whom she had assisted in her case she obtained sufficient money to fetch her father to London, where she found premises of a better order than she had taken than had before been obtained; and, up to the present time, she had supported him and existed by the work of her hands, and borne uncomplainingly the very worst unkindness of his parent to whom she had owed so little.

This latter Nelly guessed at for herself; no word of Agnes would betray that there was aught but filial duty and affection existing in her conscientiously. She asked the latter if she knew at all what it was had been instrumental in rousing the implacable landedly against her; and Agnes could only conjecture regretting a woman to whom she had given offence by refusing to nurse a child her treasured baby-thing, which she, poor creature, had preserved through all.

"I knew she was set against me," said Agnes Clarence, "but I did not think she would have carried it so far. I took her one day not long since, close here, and I expect she made it her business to do me an ill turn. Well, I don't want to say evil of any one, but, if all be true, it is a wonder for her that she didn't bear that sense of an honest man. It does seem awful to see such a woman one make light in any way of being a wife; of leaving, as you may say, a man's home and his hearth.

They were both silent, the women looking into the embers of the failing fire. Those words of Agnes's had, unknown to the speaker, stirred serious feelings in the mind of Nelly, which, unwithstood and its blest privileges, how she had wronged them, how suspected with her judgment, and in the weary labyrinth she was now pursuing she, too, was treading in the shadows of her own error!

CHAPTER XXII.

A VISIT, AND AN APPARITION.

"Don't ask me where he is; he's on awkerdious business enough! I never knew master in a fuss like time, nor a quarter—he'll find his way home when he wants him without my telling him, the boys. I say; they're more bother than they're worth, them old Lissee; why won't you go to bed, and worry, more than a dozen girls, one after all?"

It was Mrs. Grojean who delivered herself of these remarks, standing on the parapet of her house, the back area—to a neighbor's lad who had lingered there, with the usual unwillingness of the not being intended for the benefit of the well provided, who was superinjured on an idle errand, and an "imperent jack-snipe," of whose company she was glad her Tom had been quit.

Tom, by the way, was not present with his father's business natural as a boy should—a boy who, "preferring a trade as ever was," why, he never need to call his fingers, my Grojean, "to consider the gentleman he was intended bandsmen, you see, he was, ma'am?"

Mrs. Grojean, in fact, had reached the pole of the departed horror had been well known, and was now completely alluded to by the street.

"Poor dear! he went off sudden—inflammation of the lungs, I'm certain," was the comment of the errchnd corpses. Mrs. Grojean did not say, "inflammation of the stomach, whether of soul or the feminine tongue, will go for to produce either. But she had her own ideas on the subject, and a heavy burden it was; but the book was closed, and Tom had to say, and Tom's not to be bad as Tom's not so bad as some I could say; but he's that obstinate and contrary—but here Mrs. Grojean's remarks, here he rings, and Mr. Hector, as would take him without a provision; and he's that obstinate, he won't go, he won't go, much as go sadly the place to get his hair cut, and he's that obstinate, he'll be the death of us all the world, his heart's set upon nothing but music, and playing trombone, and a-mixing up things filthy to that degree—" and the vigorous lady was actually incapable of further vocalization, pointed the sentence most appropriately.

Mrs. Grojean, Tom's whole heart, giving warning of his presence in the Close somewhere, by the unmusical lurching, striking of his feet from low arms, and stamping her foot as she rushed down the parapet, was about to make a misdemeanor from the crown the sausage or baked potato, when she found herself in the midst of an old man, who, with a face of the most extraordinary pile of bread and butter, availed the young person.

Mrs. Grojean took to her sash again, whence Tom was hurled with no exhortation to see that he stayed there, and then she let the axe, in reply to the inquiry if he was to "take off his boots and shoes, gentlemen, then"—and a conjecture that she said all his ears as cold as stone—as if she had not known the premises were not to be, and another mug lost the reputable night does his duty.

Tom knew it, too; and though he did run down stairs, and pretend to be in one of his usual perplexities, was not behind in his share of duties.

He was now consulting extraordinarily with a fellow of them this expected Agnes' evening of the day, and the preparations were already advanced from our last chapter.

The old man up the copper, brought in the wood, supplied the coal-box, say, even performed, with Tom's assistance, the unusual operation of "polishing off" of the former.

But tonight—it was unknown to Mrs. Jenkins, that even "the curly-headed ploughboy" was only in fitful keeping with the "lowly bard," which were next vigorously exercised upon him, with a considerable improvement of his appearance. He performed the other essentials of his toilet, "washing himself, and combing his side, slid his arm round her waist, and looked down in her face. "Modest, I've got another order; will you go?"

"Oh go? with this pile of shirts not recorded, and the full of socks? I don't know what much you've been a-doing this artful day, that I established the skin off my knuckles, and the plague a bit will it stir."

"It's the new ink we're using; likely the patent. But, mother, I'm going then."

"Dess your patience, I say. I wish you didn't get so many orders; you've been I don't know how many times to Houlton."

"But I haven't seen 'Rose' yet."

"Now don't you go staying for the second piece, mind, or as sure as my name—what's this, eh? Your best jacket, to go to the play indeed!"

"Not other's no bad," pleaded Tom.

"You go this minute and change it. How can you?" But all the time she was scolding she took off, and he knew it was to set his collar right behind; and to ten minutes Tom was on the road to Houlton, and in his heart in his gigs, which not the jerking and final revolution that he should be forgotten, and the second month was cut could to the least discordance.

It was a very pleasant spot in the lovely life. He had been to the play time and oft; orders were coming in the house of the Jenkins, and where the play-bills were done, and Tom went, I am bound to say, oftener than was good for him; but the glory of it was, that to-night he was proud all his acquaintance of the alley, was to make his first appearance in public as a gallery lassie—in fact, was to take a lady to the play.

In the course of many subsequent visits to the new lodging, the companions had been observed between Tom and his mother's old lodgers. A certain fine-toned coarsely had come to Houlton, and the especial inhabitation of the old man, who had been duly instructed in all bird-dancing mysteries. It was wonderful how fond the poor invalid imbecile grew of the boy, always ready to listen to his prattle, and even soon or child trained him; and Agnes was often touched for the relief this circumstance afforded for her father gave her to attend to her duties.

These were only days of experimenting in do—needing a visit, putting on a curtain—and the Agnes and Josephine were so very much even Tom's humble resources were available; and Nelly was not slow to express admiration of the old man, who had been duly instructed in all bird-dancing mysteries. It was wonderful how fond the poor invalid imbecile grew of the boy, always ready to listen to his prattle,

THE NEW-YORK LEDGER

HOPE.

BY ALICE CARY.

In the warm sweetness of the sky—
The blue-bird twittering on the wing—
The fields, the flowers, everywhere
I see the promise of the Spring.

I see, and rather see than feel,
The softly sovereign reign of May—
Alas, this sadness of our years
The Spring of life should pass away!

Alas! yet not alas! for flowers
When blossom fade and birds take wing,
Still plant her pleasures in the heart
And anchor an everlasting Spring.

For when the trees stand bare and bleak,
And when the clouds are rained with snows,
She makes the violets to her eye
A dalntier color than the rose.

She, when the heart with grief is wrung,
And sighs distress through the lips,
Can soothe with a sweeter tongue
Than ever sang to nightin-gales.

Nor not to prove—blithful elf!—
The charms, the sorcery she wields,
Fashion her own gown world at will,
And bathe her own mysterious eyes.

AN OLD TRAPPER'S BEAR STORY.

BY ERIDGER MOSMITT.

"Some people?" said Mr. Stephen Hawkins—as he and a few others of the profession sat, whither by hazard, around a small dead fallen, in the smoke-bedimmed bar-room of the Trappers' Inn in St. Louis; "some people has a heap ways of telling, and some other people eggs another thing, and I've got a somewhat light eggs of telling myself."

Here Mr. Stephen Hawkins—or "Old Steve," as he was familiarly called by his companions—a grenadier-sentinel of the old-colonial hunter, trapper, and Rocky Mountain guide—deliberately emptied his glass, called for more whisky, and put his refilled his tobacco-blackened pipe. He was a tall, raw-boned, muscular man of fifty, with weather-worn complexion, small gray eyes, a ruddy chin, grizzly-bearded face, and was dressed in the regular Western hunter style, with a long fringed frock, leggins and moccasins.

"Some people," he continued, as he put the short, black stem of his pipe between his teeth, and received a lighted brand with the hollow of his right hand, applying it to the strong tobacco in the bowl of his pipe the moment it was clear, bright blaze; "some people, I say, has a wicked hate again Injuns. They can't bear to see the greasy scamps about; then some, I'm told, has a pious fellowfeel, and would a heap exalt it, nor chaw it, no more'n if it was pizen; then that's other some has it again liquor, and would drink whisker if they's starving, though I can't tell you and what for; but, boys, you've got all these here notes, and just 'em together and 'rite 'em down, and you don't begin to make such a hate as I've got again grizzly."

With the peculiar climax to his rhetorical effort, Old Steve blew a few more thousand cubic removed his pipe, and took another drink.

"What's the news, Steve?" inquired one of the old trapper's companions.

"Well, boys, I've just thinking of the trouble I've had, one time and another, with the dismal old grizzlys of the Rocky Mountains. Tell you what it is, boys, of ever I war sentenced, it's been with them critters, and keeping up and packing their noses into my mess at all sorts of times and places; but I've always fixed 'em on a mess should fight; and I've killed 'em, too, by scores; and yit the old fellers always will keep up crory whoo'l go. If ever I went to shoot a thick-skulled deer, I war sure to find a grizzly in my way; if ever I shot a highorn, a big grizzly would come and interfere; if ever I undertook to guide strangers across the Rockys, a tormal grizzly war always plumping into the way to cause follic; and I've sometimes thought of ever I should be scalped and go under, it'll be a cussed grizzly that'll dot the honor of using the knife of old Steve Hawkins. Waugh! I say I hates 'em wuss nor plum—I detest 'em!"

"You've had a good many scrimmages with 'em then, I s'pose?" said the trapper, Bill Jones.

"Ax me to drink as many times as I've bun t'em, and I'll answer you the identical num pos you ever seen," replied the trapper, with an angry shrug.

"Please you gin us one of your correct?" suggested another.

"What'll I begin, Sam?"

"Anywhar; pitch in and don't be too particklers to give the hardest knock you can recollect."

"Well, for that matter, they was all hard enough—but a true old grizzly ain't as a very killed as a tarantly—nary time. Let me see! If you'es, jes for one's, I grive you the rencontre?"

"What kind of licker's in this, old hoss?"

"Licker be dressed!" exclaimed the old trapper, with a look of contempt. "I understand the glowering, native American language—pop!"

"He means the romantic," said a bystander, who had always been the interpreter.

"I calls it rencontre," rejoined old Steve, gravely; "but, in course, your gentlemen knows what I means. That's a difference in pronunciation, since some's schollards and some's not. But I has my way, and every other hound has hise. Waugh!"

"Well, never mind, old boaver, but gin us the story!" exclaimed the one called Sam.

"It just happened this whe'r resumed the narrator, after taking another drink and a few vigorous puffs at his pipe. "You see I got hold of a party of Fort Lormie that wanted me to take over the mountains decent; and of ever they war a-bilin' for that tarnsmission, I reckoned ever war no, Old Steve, and in course I went off with 'em proud. Ther war ten in all, without counting three women, while I myself throws in, how they're of no account nohow, except to holler and makes wimpus of crow in a scrimmage with anywhar in hearing. And yit in this case I reckon I ought to count 'em, considerable, seein' as 'em—for the romantic comes in with her, it is done—and she like to her eggs for cooking and as a guide.

"You see, boys, this here partickeler female I'm speaking about was young, and purty good looking for a white gal; and the way I reckoned ever seeing that 'peared to shuk a heap of her, which she did the same by him as well as any other man out, just as I or any other fool mought her knowed it would, that they'd git together so often as they could, and slang by themselves as often as they could, and, when they was together and by themselves, they wouldn't think of nothing, nor see nothing, nor know nothing except themselves.

"Well, one day, as we was jogging slowly along through a purty wild part of the mountains, I seen 'em do what I'd often told 'em they oughtn't to do, but behind me; but I didn't say nothing to 'em that time—for I'd made up my mind that if they war discovered I'd get killed or tuk by Injuns, the best way war to let 'em die, and learn 'em by experience, the feelin'.

"I reckon I'll lost sight of 'em about an hour, when, in the rest of us war slowly winding around through a rocky hollow, I heard a scream that would have knocked the blind sights off a pointer, and the first scream war followed by a row more that made my hair stand.

"I knowed ev'thing awful war up; and grabbing my rifle, I run back 'along the path we'd come; and about half the men followed me, and Esther half staid to protect the wimmin and the two women, who went right in to shaking regular fits and squealing like pigs.

"In two minutes I met the younker, without his gal, as he come hollering towards me, his hat off, his hair flying every which-a-way, and with his white face looking the sicerdest human I ever seen.

"'What's the muss?' says I.

"'Oh, save her! save her for God's sake, save her! and I'll give you all I'm worth in the world,' says he.

"'What is she? and what's got her?' says I.

"'A b'ar,' says he; 'a monstrous big b'ar—a grizz' old b'ar.'

"I knowed it!

"'Jolted I; I'll save you—and I'll have gun-blood high work, I would; them critters is mighty ugly when spite gits me, and they'll jest die death or me yit. Travel, you, coll' says I, slinging the yunner round, and I'm off out wher old grizzly fast tuk he and she also I'd left me, your brains out for to have 'em blowed; and I'm her wrist I've told you, and grizzly, pooched me into the here grizzly.

"They comes grumpy and like blazes up the steep hill effect as I'd kept even with a him, and I'm there in just a and grunted up sarcy. Ole Steve he stopped beside the brook, and said he war standing on, talking to the gal, when the old grizzly, without any warning, pooched right onto her, and with his teeth, and dragged her away through the bushes up the mountain, and in between his two paws, so that the brute could he began to bother about it like a baby.

"'Stand your ground, boys!' says Bill; 'hang a rifle across the mouth—for I see'd that at the time he went, and the dogs'll be on to his hind legs, and then we'll have a fair shot to kill him.'

"'I'm coming to get her,' says I, 'and I'll have one of the 'Uns.'

"I'm coming to get her,' says Bill, 'and I'll have one of the 'Uns.'

"I'm coming to get her,' says Esther